Week ending April 21 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

See p. 5

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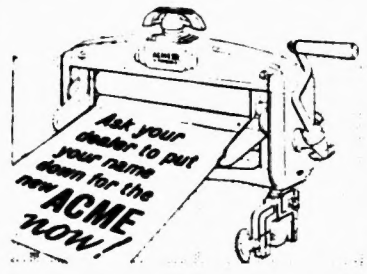
And now the waiting time is nearly over. Soon you will see the Acme on sale again—a brand new model, in every respect as wonderful as pre-war. Don't miss the opportunity! The Acme will be here SOON—see that you have arranged to have one of your own at the first possible minute.



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WHEN the danger mark in an illness is passed, your first thought is: "When am I going to get well?" The answer to that question depends largely on your metabolic rate.

What is your metabolic rate? Briefly, it is the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces it by absorbing nourishment from food. It might be called your "living rate."

After illness, your metabolic rate is slowed down. To get it back to normal, you need to absorb food to build up your energy. But this is difficult because, when your metabolic rate is low, your appetite is poor.

Doctors, however, have found a way to speed up the metabolic rate and break this vicious circle. They give you broths, soups, or meat extracts. In deciding which of these accepted preparations to take, it is important to know that *one* meat preparation is outstanding for effective in raising the metabolic rate: it is Brand's Essence. Clinical tests in a famous research institute have shown that, after taking Brand's Essence, the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.

And once the metabolic rate is raised, your appetite returns. You absorb nourishment and speedily restore your body to full health and vigour. Don't delay your recovery a day longer than necessary. Take Brand's Essence. You'll find it tempting and delicious when other food is repugnant. 3/- a bottle.

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On active service now-but she hopes soon to be at your service...

~Miss **BLUE CAP**

looks forward to re-introducing you to the delights of

THE PERFECT PROCESSED **CHEESE**

So appetising—so delicious!

B.C.I.

Children first please!

A small quantity of Cadburys Milk Chocolate was made last summer. All the food value of the milk is still in it—a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the Western and Southern Zones. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

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Without Fear or Favour

NEED WE BE POOR?

NEXT TUESDAY will be Budget Day. It is hardly likely to be an occasion for national rejoicing. Once again we shall be reminded, no doubt, of the immensity of our debts and the need for onerous taxation.

The implication will be that we shall be poor for a generation.

What nonsense!

We have great assets as well as heavy liabilities. We possess a pool of experience, skill and inventive talent equal to any in the world.

Under pressure of war we have developed new industries that will serve us in the peace. Though we may have lost some foreign markets we have vast home needs to satisfy.

For the wealth of a nation does not lie in its bank vaults or in the bombs it produces, but in its people.

No nation can be considered great and rich if many of its members are ill-shod and worse fed, disgustingly housed, and often unemployed.

THOSE WERE the conditions in Britain before the war. They should not be tolerated in the future.

We shall need houses by the million to replace those destroyed by the enemy's malice. Of those that have survived, Sir Ernest Simon estimates that one-third are slums. They, too, must be razed and replaced.

We shall have to banish malnutrition. The necessities and reasonable comforts of life must be assured to all.

By so doing, we can largely safeguard ourselves against unemployment—which arises only through under-consumption. By producing the finest goods we can devise we should be able to sell enough goods abroad to pay for the food we must import.

Poor? No, rather shall we be richer if we build a new Britain shorn of the social evils and disfigurements of the old. Let us resolve that none—be they greedy vested interests or uncomprehending politicians — shall stand in our way.

The Editor

V.E-Day—and the Fighting to Come

Exiled Bishop. San Francisco's Sirens. Clement Attlee Hustles. Churchill's Offer. The New President. The Lords are Happy. £40 Suits. Barefooted Soccer.

V. E. DAY—VICTORY IN EUROPE—is very near.

The disaster of the German armies is exactly following the pattern previously outlined in these columns: Northern Holland is cut off, Northern Germany is lost, Central and Southern Germany are encircled, and the major enemy forces are so split that there is now no central authority capable of obeying the rather foolish Anglo-American demand for Unconditional Surrender.

There is no logical reason why the link-up between Montgomery and Bradley and the Russians should be the signal for V.E-DAY.

One Million Germans

Any link-up will not mean that all is over but for the shouting. It will leave more than a million German troops—nearly two millions, probably—to be rounded up.

Those in Italy seem determined to fight it out. They are excellently placed for the purpose. Norway, too, will be a difficult land to conquer. German outposts in St. Nazaire, Dunkirk and the Dutch ports will have to be reduced.

Bombs for Bavaria

The Hitler clique might still make its last stand in the hills of Bavaria—country admirably suitable for defence by the fanatical S.S. divisions who moved into position months ago.

It would be a hopeless stand. For us the operation will be in the nature of a difficult mopping-up rather than a major offensive. Much of it will no doubt be entrusted to thousands of Allied bombers, though they will not find their targets easy.

Japan's Prospects

Then there is the Far Eastern war. Its magnitude, for many of us in this small island, is hard to grasp. The actual area of operations—a quarter of the world—can be appreciated only by studying a globe and using a lot of imagination.

Nor have we in Britain done justice to the vast achievements and heavy sacrifices of the American, Australian, British and native fighting men who are bringing down the rotten empire of Japan at so unexpected a speed.

The enemy's prospects can be summed up now in three letters: Nil.

On to Tokyo

When the job of overrunning the outlying islands has been completed, we shall invade the Japanese mainland. Tokyo, like Berlin, will be stormed and occupied.

That will mean savage fighting, but it is cheerful to reflect that really her army is all that is left to Japan. Her navy has almost been wiped out; her air force, though larger than at the outbreak of war, is no match for the Allies, and can do little more than sink an occasional ship.

In short, V-Day will be both a mark of triumph and a herald of fresh battles.

Northern Neutral

SWEDES, FIRMLY HANDLING Nazi refugees who seek asylum north of the Baltic, are as concerned as anyone at the prospect of a German last stand in mountainous Norway, with its natural bases for U-boats.

The use of Swedish territory from which to meet this desperate plan would be decisive.

Meanwhile, London has greeted warmly that fine specimen of Norwegian manhood Iowa-born Arne Fjellbu, leader of the Norwegian Church struggle against the Nazis. Deprived of his bishopric for refusing to conduct a service in honour of Major (the original) Quisling, he was banished to a remote island, but eventually escaped to England.

Roosevelt as seen by Hall

ONE paragraph from A. G. Gardiner's pen portrait of Franklin Roosevelt (JOHN BULL, November 25, 1944) reads in retrospect as an epitaph:

"Whatever happens, Roosevelt takes his place among the Immortals. He will live with Washington and Lincoln among the august names of American history."

His work, too, will live. For it was he who, more than any other American, saved his country from the deadly menace of the Nazi and Japanese warlords. Now the world must see that his ideas for the peace are kept alive and brought to fulfilment.

Let us listen to him when he demanded a new deal for the common people:

"These unhappy times call for plans to build from the bottom up and not from the top down, that put their faith in a move in the forgotten men at the bottom of the economic pyramid."

The statesmen who survive him have a duty to justify his courageous vision.

●

Pacific and Peace

SAN FRANCISCO, where next week 3,500 delegates from 45 nations meet to try to build world peace, is built up and down and around the tumbled hills of a narrow peninsula dividing the landlocked port from the Pacific Ocean.

Finest of its many vistas of blue waters and green islands is that of the Golden Gate bridge, spanning the harbour entrance in a single perfect curve.

Antiquated cable-cars climb streets too steep for electric trams. Seats on both sides face outwards and one line rejoices in the name of "O'Farrell, Jones and Hyde."

Sin Outmoded

Gone are the wood shacks that once hid the wickedest night life of the world's most sinful port. Barbary Coast has become a respectable international settlement.

Huge Chinese signs lit with many-coloured neon lights enliven Chinatown, where weird oriental music intimidates Westerners.

Mexican night clubs sell *chile con carne* hotter than any Indian curry.

Topic Taboo

Never say the word "earthquake" in 'Frisco! Even the 1906 catastrophe, which wrecked the city, is still referred to as "the fire."

Fire, in this mostly wooden place, is a constant threat.

Ever-wailing sirens rasp the nerves of war time Londoners who have strayed that way, though nothing worse is indicated than a fire brigade rushing to a new outbreak.

Trade Riddle

AGAINST THIS COLOURFUL background, the international delegates will have to think hard, if they are to agree. They must apply common-sense to the vexed problem of world trade.

But how? Most sensible suggestion, so far, comes from the World Trade Alliance Association, which says a country should import goods and services equivalent to its exports of goods and services. You do as much work for me as I do for you!

Simple? Yes, but revolutionary. For, until now, the accepted law has been "thou shalt export more than thou dost import"

Crazy Doctrine

A man with more going out than coming in gets poorer every day. But a nation with more goods leaving its shores than entering its ports is said to have a "favourable" balance of trade!

This fantasy, sacred till now, means that the ultimate aim of overseas trade is to secure foreign investments.

It brought the world, in the ten years before this war, to a sort of madhouse economy in which the idea was to exchange goods for debt. Sell your stuff to the foreigner, but keep out his stuff with tariffs or any other device you can invent!

Swapping Goods

In place of this fantasy, the World Trade Alliance people—thinking in terms of goods or services, not of money or debts—suggest that every country should reckon its resources and its needs of every commodity.

Timber, for instance: how much timber have we, and how much do we need for our building programme over the next five years? So we arrive at a figure of timber we must import.

JB insurance

"YOUR CHEQUE WAS A GODSEND—

I feel very indebted to you", writes Mr. E. Barker of Leeds in acknowledging cheque paid under John Bull's Free Insurance following a fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc., in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE.

THE JURY

Similarly, we arrive at figures of other commodities we can produce for export in the same period—radio sets, motor cars, locomotives, wearing apparel. Every country does the same for every commodity.

Then, if at San Francisco or somewhere else the nations will agree to create an International Timber Council, an International Locomotive Council, and so on, direct swapping or three-cornered exchange should become possible without vexatious complications of debts and currency.

Attlee's Hustle

CLEM. ATTLEE'S TRIP to San Francisco will hardly be in the nature of a holiday, though he has earned one. Few men in high places have been so chained to a desk in this war, and even on this occasion he won't be away from London for long.

Whether the San Francisco assembly ends in time or not, he intends to dash back for the Labour Party's Whitsun conference. While there, incidentally, he should meet another busy Briton and old colleague—Citrine.

Seconds Out

THE GENERAL ELECTION, when it comes, will be no sham fight. Both sides have too much at stake to want to "play politics."

It will be bare political fists. Mild Mr. Attlee, all for coalition till Germany is done for, tells his friends Labour must win this time, not wait till the time after.

Churchill's Plans

Mr. Churchill, though he would have liked to preserve some sort of coalition during the early years of peace, now knows he will have to fight on a plain Party programme.

His friends say he is prepared to stick it out, though at one time he thought of making an early retirement to Walmer Castle to write his war memoirs. The Americans were willing to pay £250,000 for them. Probably he will accept the offer in a few years' time.

Truman's War Job

"I AM NOT A LAWYER, just a farmer who happens to be in the Senate," said Harry Shippe Truman, now President of the United States, when he first took over what every American knows as "the Truman Committee."

The Committee made him famous. Its job was to poke its nose into the American war effort, especially contracts, with the objects of exposing waste, clearing bottle-necks and generally promoting efficiency.

For this purpose it was endowed with all power. No high-ups—military, political, financial or industrial—were immune from its attentions and its probes. Not even the labour boss, John L. Lewis, with whom Truman soon crossed swords on the question of absenteeism.

This Kansas farmer's son began as a chemist's assistant, became an artillery captain in the last war, and then rose swiftly in politics. Though a loyal party supporter of the late Mr. Roosevelt, he is regarded as "safe" by big business—which is why he, and not the radical Mr. Wallace, was nominated for Vice-President, and now, by F. D. R.'s untimely death, becomes head of the most powerful nation the world ever saw.

Contented Lords

MILLIONS OF US should sleep more happily in our beds in future. It shouldn't matter to us, apparently, that when the troops come home there won't be beds, or roofs either, for a great number of people.

That seems the only conclusion we can draw from the House of Lords vote on housing. Lord Latham, leader of the L.C.C., spoke of the "sorry story of Muddletown"—meaning the Government's handling of the problem. But the Lords threw out his motion and thereby expressed complete satisfaction with the Government's attitude.

But if the Government wants to know how the problem is likely to be aggravated in the near future, they should read of a county court case that was heard on the very day of the Lords' debate.

Corporal Slept Hard

Corporal Sherwood said, at Luton, that he had to sleep in a public air raid shelter when he came home on leave.

His wife and children were living with her father, and there was no room for him in the house, as there were only three bedrooms for eight people. His own house had been let to a bombed-out Londoner, and the court gave him an order for possession of it.

But where on earth will the bombed-out London family now go?

Peppery Polemics

POLITICAL LESSER LIGHTS are hotting up their controversial methods as the election gets near. One Conservative M.P. thought fit to draw Mr. Churchill's attention, by Commons question, to F. W. Leeman's statement at a Co-operative conference that "without the Prime Minister's forceful personality the Conservatives would have sold out to the Nazis after Dunkirk."

Leeman, a B.A., who teaches in a private school at West Bridgford, middle-class suburb of Nottingham, is a non-compromiser who knows black and white but not grey.

He lost his right arm in the last war, but would no more join a British Legion Club than a Presbyterian would go to mass. Yet he is Flight-Lieut. Leeman, commanding the A.T.S. squadron sponsored by the Nottingham Co-operative Society.

He talks knowledgeably about many topics, including poetry and literature; but rarely smiles and never laughs in public.

Broad Sighway

MOTOR CARS, sulky at being laid up for years, get spiteful when Mr. Owner, having coaxed coupons from a grudging Ministry, flings open wide the garage doors. Deterioration in many forms shows itself. There will be casualties on the roads when the basic petrol ration is restored.

But will there be a basic ration? Motorists, claiming that rationing was accepted purely as a war time necessity, resent the recommendation in the Interim Report of the Committee on Road Safety that the return of traffic to the road should be controlled by a petrol ration.

Petrol rationing is hardly an ideal means to road safety. Best way to safety is to give us a road system fit for modern traffic. The width of most of our roads was determined originally by Julius Cæsar's military necessities.

Air Fiction

DRAMATISED SERIALS like "Barchester Towers," "Bleak House" and "Barlasch of the Guard" caused a run on the lending libraries, says the "B.B.C. 1945 Year Book."

And the current serial, Wells's "The Wheels of Chance," is doing the same thing, say the library people. Speed the day when more paper is released for books.

Meanwhile, the B.B.C. might consider a romantic novel next—Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" or Scott's "Pirate," for instance.

They Want to Stay

THE TASK OF REBUILDING Britain will need more than the labour at our disposal. But help should be forthcoming from many of the foreigners who have found safety in our midst.

An official census just taken shows, for example, that 25 per cent. of the Belgians and 35 per cent. of the Polish refugees now in Britain elect to remain here after the war. We should regard those figures as a compliment.

World Language

INCIDENTALLY, English is rapidly becoming the world language. French was usually favoured at international conferences before the war, but English has been chosen as the chief tongue for the San Francisco assembly.

Our troops have been amazed at the good English now common on the Continent. B.B.C. broadcasts? Yes, and a stranger reason. Many Belgian, Dutch and French schools began to teach English after Dunkirk, persuaded the Germans that they had always taught it, and received permission to continue.

Fast Work

ANOTHER WAR TIME development will be welcomed by handy men (and women) who enjoy an occasional half-hour with a paintbrush. The nuisance of "tacky" walls and window-sills should not plague us much longer, and colours will be finer.

Hitherto, most of the paint we have bought has largely consisted of a drying agent. In future, the latter will take up only 5 per cent. or so of the bulk. A new ingredient will enable us to buy paints in five strengths, so to speak: one will dry out within a minute, another within two hours, and so on.

£40 a Suit

MEANWHILE, OF COURSE, materials are still in short supply—particularly cloth. So it is not surprising that firms in London's Savile Row now take six to twelve months to make up an order.

Prices? Well, up to £40 a suit. For 16 guineas you will get only a suit lined with poor-grade alpaca that will fray within a few months.

But for Hugh Dalton's Utility clothes, prices everywhere would no doubt have reached such fantastic heights.

Soccer Barefoot

GOLD COAST SOLDIERS of the Fourteenth Army, playing in bare feet, have beaten every team pitted against them in Burma, including an R.A.F. side that contained professionals.

This country will be delighted to see their clever footwork after they have finished with the Japs.

Affront Afloat

A LIEUTENANT - COMMANDER, R.N.V.R., serving at sea, asked a London insurance company to quote him for an endowment policy and was handed this raspberry: "As you are at present living out of this country, we regret . . ."

Our friend comments: "Having served in the cause for five and a half years, it is disturbing to find that one cannot make use of services whose continued existence depends on the Fighting Forces."

One-Way Road to Peace

Children everywhere can be happy and smiling as these if — as A.G.G. insists — we plan a world of Plenty and outlaw unemployment

by A. G. GARDINER

NEXT WEEK THE EYES of the world and the hopes of the world will be fixed on San Francisco. In that remote city will be assembled what may well be the most momentous conference in history. From every corner of the earth will come official delegations charged with a single task.

What that task is has been well stated by General Smuts in his address to the British Commonwealth delegation on the eve of its departure.

"If we want to save our race," he said, "if we want to perpetuate the human race divine—the glory of our world—we shall have to eliminate war from its programme."

If it achieves that the San Francisco Conference will redeem the world. If it fails to do that there is, as General Smuts added, "nothing but stark disaster before mankind."

For war and civilisation can no longer co-exist on the face of the earth. One or the other must perish. Science has decreed that. Its discoveries have so intensified the destructive powers of men that if war is not abolished mankind itself will be abolished.

The first world war declared this terrific alternative. The lesson was unlearned. The eight million victims had died in vain.

The horrors of the second world war have exceeded those of the first beyond all reckoning.

War Must be Outlawed

If the lesson is still unlearned a third world war will come, which will transcend the horrors of this war as this transcends the horrors of the first. This is not speculation. This is certainty.

It is so certain, so inevitable, so obvious that it seems idle to stress it. But it is the one dread truth that should overawe the deliberations at San Francisco.

With the appalling spectacle of Europe in its mind, every delegation must enter the Conference with the one despotic purpose—this hellish thing shall end. Whatever the sacrifice demanded, the whole hideous institution of war shall perish.

If that goal is kept inflexibly in mind, San Francisco can redeem the world. But not else. And no one who reflects upon the infinite causes of disagreement will under-rate the difficulties in the path of that unanimity which alone can reach the goal.

By comparison with the failure after the last war, the prospects are more than hopeful. The reasons of that failure and the dreadful penalty that followed are before us as a warning that cannot be disregarded.

Then we plunged from the war into the peace, hot on the heels of a "coupon" election, without any attempt to secure an agreed policy among the Allies.

The Outlawry of Hunger

Apart from President Wilson's Fourteen Points, no peace plan was launched and no steps were taken to arrive at one. It was lightheartedly assumed that, having won the war, the peace could be patched up by a trip to Paris.

This levity, happily, has not been repeated. From the Atlantic Charter onwards the problems of the peace have been the subject of ceaseless discussions between the Allies.

At Dumbarton Oaks the four Great Powers engaged in the war agreed upon a provisional scheme of collective security to be discussed, amended and endorsed by all the United Nations.

The main features of this scheme were two. The League of Nations had failed after the last war because it had no force behind it and because the procedure of the League was hopelessly slow and inefficient.

Dumbarton Oaks put teeth into the League and set up a small executive Security Council, consisting chiefly of representatives of the Great Powers. This Council could apply force instantly. Its function would be to nip aggression in the bud at the first alarm of trouble.

Under these provisions the League, which had failed because it was a sham, would become a stern reality. There would be no more incidents like Manchuria, Abyssinia, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia or Poland.

Another feature of the Dumbarton Oaks plan is the establishment of an Economic and Social Council which will aim at raising the whole world's standard of life and outlawing hunger and unemployment. It is these things which lie at the root of the world's disorders.

One for All and All for One

It may, for example, be doubted whether Hitler would ever have snatched power in Germany but for the catastrophic unemployment which followed upon the economic world crash of 1931.

The Dumbarton Oaks scheme was considered by the Big Three at their conference in the Crimea. With certain qualifications, it was broadly ratified.

It is that scheme which will come before the whole body of the United Nations at San Francisco next week. The decisions of that Conference will furnish the framework of the peace that is to follow.

From all this it will be seen that, compared with the war of 1914-18, the preparations for the coming peace are much more advanced. And there is another respect in which the outlook is more favourable now than then. The United States will not desert the peace this time, and Russia will not be absent from it.

With the solidarity of America, Britain, Russia, China and France assured, it ought to be possible to build on the ruins of this war a New World Order more stable and enduring than that which came to grief so ignominiously between the two wars.

But there are perils ahead, and only a greatness of spirit commensurate with the greatness of the task will overcome them. The conference at San Francisco will show whether that greatness of spirit prevails.

It will prevail if all the nations, great and small, will realise that they sink or swim together. There is no exclusive "better 'ole" for anybody. Without collective security for all, there is security for none.

The world henceforth is one and indivisible—one either for peace and prosperity or for war and perdition.

Science has made it one. What we have been witnessing in this Thirty Years War—for the interregnum between the wars was only an armed pause—is the breakdown of a World Order that has ceased to conform to the conditions of life on this planet.

Those conditions have been transformed by the astonishing achievements of science. It has conquered space and obliterated frontiers.

It has increased the productivity of the earth and made its fruits accessible to all. Under its influence the whole human family, in all its diversity, should become a single co-operative concern, mutually interdependent, mutually protective.

But politically this marvellous organism has remained disunited, competitive, anorganised.

It has no common purpose and no collective security. It recognises no international code of law, and ultimately has no argument but that of war.

No Price Too High

And war is extinction. Witness, Europe today. Science, which has scattered its blessings so abundantly upon the general life, has, as if in rebuke, made war so terrible that it blasts whole nations, whole continents, whole civilisations.

In the presence of the truth that war and humanity can no longer co-exist on the earth, the United Nations assemble at San Francisco to decide which is to be the survivor.

Let them remember, each and all, that no price is too high to save mankind from the "stark disaster" which, as General Smuts has said, is the inexorable alternative.

If our statesmen fail this time, economic madness will bring us all to new wars and the hunger felt by these dying Greek children

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Viscount Bledisloe,

Distinguished Authority on Agriculture

MY LORD,—You startled many people when, in the House of Lords, you said the home-produced milk position was one of serious gravity. But you encouraged us all when you went on to make suggestions for restoring the position.

Milk, as you say, is the "A1 priority of the nation," and we cannot rest content with the present daily consumption of just over half a pint a person, contrasted with the pint a day exceeded by some other countries.

You warn us that bovine disease reduces our milk output by 200,000,000 gallons a year, and you think a free State Veterinary Service would be a fine investment.

The matter cannot stay where it is. We must recruit and train veterinary surgeons. Deterring farmers with penalties, we must spur them with rewards. Above all, we must aim at that pint a day target.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Richard Redmayne, K.C.B.,

Coal Mining Expert

DEAR SIR RICHARD.—The public will not endorse the conclusion in your book, *The Problem of the Coal Mines* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 4s. 6d.), that "wages must depend on the ability of the industry to pay, rather than on the cost of living."

That doctrine, so little human, does not apply to parsons or policemen, or even to rural postmen. Why, then, to miners?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. J. Llewellin, M.P.,

Minister of Food

DEAR COLONEL LLEWELLIN,—One of your officials has gone to France with the wine and brandy shippers who hope to replenish their stocks in Britain.

I hope you don't propose to import at this stage the clarets, burgundies and champagnes consumed mainly by the well-to-do.

If France has anything to send us, what about the succulent butter and tasty cheeses, apples, pears and peaches she used to sell?

Later, when the food position is less grim, let us by all means buy our ally's wines and also educate our workers to appreciate them. That might even induce our brewers to put up better beer—which nothing else, apparently, will do. But first things first!—JOHN BULL.

The Duke of Norfolk,

Ministry of Agriculture

YOUR GRACE,—Your Department wants a slogan to replace "Dig for Victory" Let me suggest one that sums up the policy we should all adopt—in your Ministry, local councils, in gardens, and on allotments. It is "Dig for Plenty."—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

GOLDEN KEYS TO LIFE

IF THERE IS ONE THING more than another that is of supreme importance to ordinary men and women, it is what sort of ideas they allow to take root in their minds. For it is through these ideas, if at all, that other people are going to rule you and bend you to their purposes.

Take, for instance, the *idea* of gold. For centuries, a few people—quite a few—have controlled and manipulated a large part of the world's gold. They have been able to cause industrial prosperity, industrial depression, bring about wars, and re-establish peace.

Why? Because possession of gold gave them enormous power? Not exactly, there is no power in gold. But there is enormous power in the ability to control people's ideas with regard to gold; and as long as they could make people think about gold in the way they wanted, they could do exactly what they wished with such people's lives.

You see what we think is really of immense importance to us It really does matter to us how we think. It really does affect our lives whether we think our own thoughts or whether we let other people—who have axes to grind—tell us what thoughts we ought to think.

Ideas, as long as they are our own and are not imposed on us, are the golden keys to life; and from now on it is going to be important as never before to have the right ones

See that your ideas are those you have thought out for yourself. Be very suspicious of anyone who wants you to think his ideas! There's always a reason!

PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS SEEN BY GEORGE WHITELAW

H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth,

Buckingham Palace, London

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—A loyal nation joins with me in wishing you many happy returns of to-day, your nineteenth birthday.

You are destined to dwell in the pitiless limelight of publicity. Whether camping with Girl Guides or driving an A.T.S. lorry, acting in pantomime or broadcasting to the Empire, riding horses or exercising dogs, studying constitutional law or taking an interest in a children's hospital, you are the focus of curious eyes.

The standards required of you are far more rigorous than those that suffice for girls of less exalted birth. Royal eminence relentlessly exacts its full toll of all your qualities.

Nor has your path been made easier by the turbulence of the era in which you have grown up. But though your 'teens have seen the throes of humanity's struggle to remain free, I hope it is a happy omen that your birthday falls in Spring the season when hopes are born anew.

May your maturity, now unfolding thus auspiciously, prove to be the glorious epoch of our nation's heydey; so that when the second queen of your name shall reign over these isles all that Britain has to give mankind may be developed to the full.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, M.P.,

Leader of the Liberal Nationals

DEAR MR. BROWN,—Next week the Liberal Nationals are to hold a conference and solemnly pledge support to a Government of national unity under Mr. Churchill.

This might mean something if there were any difference whatever between the political faith of a Liberal National and that of a Conservative; between your own economic creed and, say, Mr. Amery's. But no microscope in existence could detect the smallest difference.

Isn't there an element of humbug about your group's posturings? Believe me, the public no longer cares a rap for Party labels and is interested only in ideas. Why not join the Conservatives and be done with it?—JOHN BULL.

To an Unknown Docker

DEAR SIR,—In one week you earned £47 unloading Government stores. After tax deduction, you had £28. The case was exceptional, pure fluke: yet knaves will use you to delude fools into believing Government control always stupid. If one week you make £47 (untaxed) on a stock market rise, the knaves will keep quiet.—JOHN BULL.

Argument

IS CRIME ILLNESS?

The Prison Medical Reform Council has just met in London. Is crime a mental illness, as some experts believe? Here is the case—

for

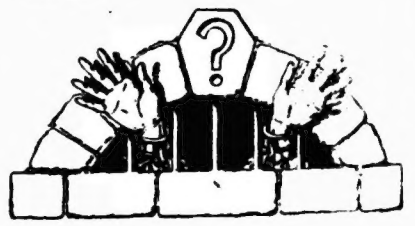
1. What we are and what we do depends on heredity and environment. Anyone who inherits constitutional weakness, suffers undernourishment, and encounters infection becomes ill; if an anti-social streak is inherited and then fostered by bad surroundings, the result is crime.

2. Crime is often the result of obvious madness, but even when it is not, it is frequently devoid of reason. People steal things they don't need, kill without cause.

3. In the absence of good reason, some mental ill must provide the motive of crime. "The child who steals," said a psychologist, "is *stealing love.*"

4. Children have ceased to commit anti-social acts when given doses of glucose, or when other diet deficiencies were remedied—proof that bad conduct may be "chemical."

5. Heredity is more powerful than we realise. A man was arrested in New York for stealing second-hand clothes, a theft without purpose. Recalling an identical case, the magistrate made inquiries. The two "criminals" were twins, parted at birth. Neither knew the other, yet each committed the same senseless "crime."



against

1. A boy steals apples because they are good to eat. A man steals a watch because it is portable and valuable. Any suggestion that deep psychological forces are at work takes a lot of believing.

2. Crimes are committed because their immediate results are advantageous to the criminal. The fact that their long-term results are often unfavourable to him is a tribute to our police, not a proof of his mental "illness."

3. The only illness of which crime can claim to be a symptom is insanity, but prison doctors do not regard more than a small percentage of prisoners as insane.

4. Criminals are known to feign insanity. Unfortunately for them, though they can commit mad acts, they cannot fake the dry skin, rapid pulse, or peculiar tremblings which accompany the types of madness they counterfeit, and their imposture is always exposed.

5. When people are ill their conditions of life are improved to give them a chance to recuperate. If you give criminals hospital treatment, crime will become a pleasanter occupation than honesty.

JUSTICE FOR THE BOMBED

Investigations by JOHN BULL'S SPECIAL COMMISSIONER point to urgently needed reforms

VAST NUMBERS OF BOMB VICTIMS are being harshly treated.

Searching inquiries conducted in different parts of the country, including a coastal area that has been an almost perpetual "Bomb Alley," show that real hardships have been caused to a great section of the people, many of them old and infirm.

For security reasons, I must not give names or places, but evidence I have collected establishes the fact without doubt that the compensation problem is too frequently dealt with in a casual, unimaginative way that makes just and equitable awards impossible.

Sometimes hardships are caused by the victims' own lack of knowledge of their rights under the compensation schemes. Too often local government officials misinterpret the provisions of the War Damage Act.

Take, first of all, the unfortunate people who have lost their homes totally or in part. Some of the worst sufferers are men and women who met with total losses as far back as 1940 and 1941.

Compensation After the War

Early in the war, before the present Government came into power, a State declaration was made that property damaged or destroyed by enemy action would be paid for by the National Exchequer. But, it was added, victims must wait until the war ended before compensation could be paid.

Thousands of people, many with every stick of furniture gone, took the Government's decree philosophically.

After all, they reasoned, Britain was standing alone. Many more important considerations overrode personal losses. Full compensation on the spot was obviously impossible unless the case was "urgent and necessitous."

I have interviewed many bomb victims.

One is a naval man's wife in Southern England who, while her husband was fighting U-boats, lost her home and everything she possessed except the clothes that she and her three children stood up in.

Unused to official forms, and having no money to spend on expert advice, she made her claim as best she could. Like many other bomb sufferers, she was afraid that if she did not submit her application within the stipulated number of days, she might be denied compensation.

She hurried over entries, did not stress in figures what her home had actually cost, omitted in her anxiety many lost articles that memory overlooked. Her claim, honest but under-estimated, was for just on £400.

Claim Cut to Half

An official valuer arrived and began to ask questions about her receipts for articles; about the value of this vanished chair or that dressing-table, and about depreciation in value through wear and tear.

Finally, she was informed that her claim had been "agreed" at less than half the amount claimed. This would be paid after the war.

A claim for £500 was put in by another "Bomb Alley" family whose beautifully furnished home received a direct hit in the Spring of 1941. Although the claim was just and reasonable, it was knocked down, after months of official haggling, to £230.

In April, 1941, an elderly widow's home was completely destroyed. She claimed £440 for lost furniture and effects. The valuer who dealt with the claim cut it down to £270 and she finally signed an acceptance form for this amount.

"I am close on seventy-three," she said to me as she talked sadly of things of sentimental value for which she had not claimed at all. "My husband worked hard all his life to make a comfortable home for me and the children. Although I signed the form of acceptance, I feel it's very hard to be treated like this."

In a large file before me there are scores of similar cases. There is a grave anomaly evident in many of them.

The figures which the Government instructed claimants to submit for furniture and chattels losses up to May, 1942, had to be based on the marketable value of the goods prior to September, 1939. Furniture and household commodities in those days were comparatively cheap.

After the war, when the Treasury's belated compensation cheques come along, the early claimants will only be able to replace a third or even a fourth of their lost belongings if to-day's prices remain.

Unfair Differences

After the earlier claims, the Board of Trade altered the mode of assessment. More recent bomb sufferers have had their claims settled on the basis of the market value of their losses at the time the bombing took place.

When I tell you that, on figures supplied to me by an expert in the furnishing trade, the present price for furnishing a small three-roomed flat with a minimum of comfort is, roughly, £236, against the 1939 cost of £111, you can see how unfair are these differences in treatment.

The Government must clearly do something to see that all bomb victims are treated with equal fairness.

For earlier victims I can add a word of consolation. One of the experts on war damage compensation with whom I have been in touch has told me that—contrary to general belief—inadequate awards, even though agreed and accepted, can be reconsidered in certain circumstances and greater compensation sought.

Here are a few instances to prove this:

A family of six, living on the coast, were completely bombed out. Everything was lost. The compensation suggested by an official valuer, for all the contents of their well-furnished, six-roomed house, was £180. The head of the family reluctantly accepted this. But now a further £100 has been added by the Board of Trade.

In one instance, and I could quote many more, £260 was accepted on a £400 claim. This has now been increased by a further £120.

The grounds for reopening cases must, of course, be beyond suspicion.

Now, let me turn to the plight of thousands of small traders, hotel, boarding and apartment-housekeepers who, either because of war damage or official orders to evacuate coastal areas, have lost their livelihoods.

War Damage Regulations make no provision for loss of trade, income, or business goodwill.

Here is one case: A man ran a café in a seaside town. His furniture claim has been assessed. But, will he be able to get his premises back after the war, and where will he find sufficient money to start up again?

The Government's new scheme to loan such people sums up to £150 will be of little use to him, for he is to-day living on the charity of friends and has heard that the landlord of his old premises is negotiating to sell the property.

Premises to be Sold

This is not an isolated case. Many people who made their living in seaside resorts during holiday seasons are being told by estate agents that there is no chance of their getting their old premises back because "now that they are no longer required for military purposes, they are in the market for sale."

Then there is a case to be argued for house and property owners. Where buildings have been completely demolished, the Government proposes to make a payment to cover the cost of rebuilding after the war, provided the property was built after 1914 and was in good condition at the time when enemy action destroyed it.

But owners of the hundreds of good, solid houses built prior to 1914, face a serious problem. What are termed "value payments" will be paid to them, but no legislative sanction has yet been given for these.

In this vague state of affairs, thousands of people who are now elderly and who have lost their homes are only promised some sort of compensation instead of being provided with another home.

This is because the houses were not built in 1914 or later, or are not modern in the sense that they are equal to the post-1914 type.

Where Reforms are Needed

The points raised by the foregoing cases, and on which reforms are needed, can be summarised in a few sentences:

Claimants are often quite unaware of their rights. *They must be told them.*

Minor Government officials are apt to misinterpret the provisions of the War Damage Act. *Their decisions must be scrutinised.*

The Board of Trade application form which claimants fill in is not simple enough. *It must be clarified.*

Many sufferers when submitting claims leave out lost goods for which they might claim because in the absence of the original receipts they feel they cannot prove the goods existed. *It should be widely known that no such receipts will be unreasonably demanded.*

In the meantime, readers who have real grievances, and who conscientiously feel that they are suffering hardship through unjust or inadequate awards, may send detailed statements of their cases to me. I will do my best to help them where the facts warrant intervention, but only clear-cut and substantiated cases can be considered.

WILLIAM J. GAGE.

It was a familiar sight to all in our bombed cities, but it meant domestic tragedy to those who could salvage only a few bits of furniture. And the tragedy is intensified by official meanness

THESE WERE THE HITLERS I KNEW

It took Hitler three years to win a stripe—six years to become the most hated man alive. We must not forget what the rise and fall of the Littlest Corporal has meant

by Willi Frischauer

IT IS BARELY FIFTEEN YEARS since people, seeing the name of Adolf Hitler casually mentioned in newspapers, asked: "Who is he?"

Now, at his fifty-sixth—and, probably, last—birthday, I remember how I first saw him and later set out to find an answer to this question.

It was an inconspicuous occasion on which Hitler arrived on the political scene in Vienna. The scene was an obscure meeting of a few disgruntled firebrands.

Even among such small fry Hitler played no big part. On the list of speakers at the meeting in the suburb of Hernals, Hitler's name appeared very near the end.

When he took the platform I saw a shifty-eyed, diffident individual. He was wearing a rain-coat, and twisted his slouch-hat in his nervous hands. He had a tendency to look worriedly over his shoulder as if he were afraid that the police would catch up with him.

Help from a Bishop

When, eventually, I and other newspapermen began to make investigations, all we knew was that Adolf Hitler was an Austrian. It was weeks before we discovered any official documents referring to him. And we should not have found these if friendly help had not been forthcoming from the Bishop of St. Poelten, a small provincial town near Vienna.

There we found the register recording details about Hitler's family. It was a confusing investigation. Records of previous people named Hitler seemed to elude us. Somehow we always returned to a strange new name—Schicklgruber.

At last we got to the bottom of the puzzle. It appears that Hitler's grandfather had changed his name from Schicklgruber to Hitler—the name of his wife—in order to become eligible for a small inheritance.

His Pictures Were Rejected

Though his father could never live down his original name, Schicklgruber, Adolf grew up as "young Hitler." When I went to Leonding, his native village, people still referred to the "Schicklgruber family."

Hitler, the schoolboy, would play truant, he was lazy, he lied and made mischief. There were scenes with his mother. But, though she lost little by his departure, there were tears in her eyes when her son told her that he was off to Vienna.

Later, when we took up the investigation in the fair city where his character was first formed, we came very near to discovering the real truth about his nature.

There was old Herr Hanisch, his friend, who first told us about him. Yes, he had shared the dormitory in a Vienna workhouse with Adolf Hitler. Most of the others there were old and infirm.

Hanisch had few kind words to spare for Hitler. He cannot forget how Adolf promised to sell a few old pictures belonging to Hanisch, took them away and did not return. Neither did he send the money.

In the last war, Hitler's record was as undistinguished as he appears, a heavily-moustached figure, in this photograph

In a rage Hanisch had been to the police and an investigation was started. But Hitler eventually returned, without the pictures or the money, it is true, but full of remorse. Hanisch dropped the matter.

There was also the aged director of the Vienna Art Academy to whom Hitler had submitted samples of his own work when he applied for admission. The old man shrugged his shoulders as he told me that the "candidate" had to be rejected. His work was not good enough.

Then there was the police inspector who had been charged with finding Hitler when he, later to become Commander-in-Chief of the Wehrmacht, did not answer his call-up for military service in 1913. They posted him as a deserter.

Insignificant Start

Vienna was not to see Hitler again for another ten years.

Three years of the war went by without Hitler obtaining a stripe. The extensive record which Colonel List later compiled of the achievements of his regiment does not include any reference to the "Iron Cross, First Class" which Hitler is alleged to have received.

In fact, the only incident of note in which he was involved was the explosion of a shell some five hundred feet away, at which he collapsed in convulsions and was taken to hospital suffering from a form of blindness which was later certified as "hysterical."

I have only mentioned facts which I have myself ascertained and which have been confirmed by eye-witnesses. But we know further how Hitler was discharged from the army and tramped the Rhineland. How he was "inspired" by seeing a map depicting "a Greater Germany, richer than Britain, bigger than the U.S.A."

When he returned to Munich he became an agent of the local army commanders.

The story of how they encouraged him to take up political activities, paid him pocket money, financed the embryonic "German Workers' Party" which he joined, is now the unfortunate history of our times.

UNDER THE ENEM

Thrilling and inspiring stories are now coming to light of secret work in designing, carried out by patriots against the time when their countries

by STANLEY BISHOP

AS THE WHEELS of industry whirl for the Allies in former German-occupied countries, thrilling stories are being told of secret research and work, carried out under the nose of the enemy, in preparation for the days of freedom.

Many clever engineers, designers and craftsmen were forced to work for the Germans, otherwise they could not have lived. Yet all the while they were plotting against the enemy.

I recently talked to a young Dutchman in the mess of an R.A.F. Flying Training Command station. During the occupation, he had been employed in a well-paid post at the Fokker aircraft factory near Amsterdam. It was then building gliders for Germany and reconditioning fighter 'planes.

Stole a 'Plane

This Dutchman was not the type to give assistance to the enemy, even unwillingly, if he could find a way out. At last, with a comrade, he stole a 'plane from the factory airfield, and flew to England. Over Suffolk he ran into heavy anti-aircraft fire and had to make a crash landing. But he was freed. Later he joined the R.A.F. and became a flying instructor, as he was over the age for operational flying.

Two things only this Dutchman brought with him from Holland. One was a photograph of his wife. The other were the blueprints and specifications of a new commercial type of aeroplane.

He showed me those plans with pride. This drawing-board aircraft would be a master Dutch air liner after the war, he said. And he explained how the design had been accomplished in the drawing office of the Fokker works with Nazi supervisors in charge.

"They thought—the fools—when they saw us busy over our desks, that we were working for them, instead of for Holland," he said.

One day, no doubt, a fine Dutch air liner will fly over Germany—an aircraft conceived and designed in a Nazi-driven workshop.

Similar things happened in France. Recently successful test flights were concluded of a new transport aircraft, the S.O. Bellatrix, a stratosphere 'plane.

The Bellatrix, and another prototype—a seaplane for the Atlantic crossing—are the result of experiments conducted in secret during the German occupation.

In the great Renault works, which spread along the Seine on the edge of Paris, tanks, lorries and instruments of war were made for the Germans. That was why we bombed the works.

But although the Renault works were German controlled, the engineers and factory hands were working in secret. With the Germans standing behind them, they managed to plan a post-war car for the people of France and for export.

That car, about which the Germans knew nothing, is already taking shape on production lines, and may soon be seen upon the roads of France. Not only is it a good car, but it actually embodies improvements gained by experience in the manufacture of German war material.

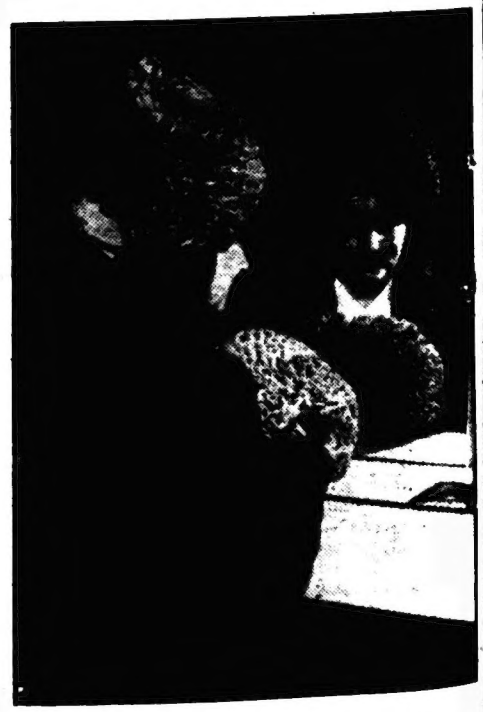
Outwitted in Radio

In radio and television, French scientists have also outwitted the Germans.

Working at night in the back room of a Paris apartment house, listening always for the tramp of German boots up the stairs, a French professor of radio science and his assistant perfected a new television apparatus. It gives natural and undistorted reproduction and the invention would have been of incalculable value to the Germans for application to radiolocation.

But, by good fortune and care, it was

French from the toes upwards—with shoes and stockings that baffled the Nazis



Such hats are now fashionable in Paris and may soon be in London—thanks to some tiny dolls

MY'S NOSE

...ork in aviation, radio, and even fashion
...untries should be freed from the Nazis

kept hidden and now is likely to have a big influence on television development.

There is now showing in Paris a remarkable exhibition of dolls. These little 2 ft. tall figures are dressed in the creations of the famous Paris fashion houses. They wear costumes, gowns, furs, hats, shoes, and jewellery all designed by leaders in French fashion.

What has this display of dolls to do with the theme of this article? Quite a lot.

During the occupation, while perforce selling to the Germans, the Paris costumiers met in private, and discussed how they could let the outside world know that Paris was still the creator of feminine fashion.

Germans Did Not Know

Someone suggested dolls. They could be smuggled out of France and sent abroad.

The making, the dressing and the completion of the dolls in exact detail was begun. German officers and their women, visiting the salons, saw the miniatures, and said how beautiful they were. They never discovered the reason for their existence.

However, the need to smuggle the dolls from France did not arise. The invasion of Normandy began. Paris was liberated. Now the dolls are on exhibition and will shortly be on show in London and later in New York.

From Holland comes another story about radio. The Phillips radio factory at Eindhoven was forced to work for the Germans, making valves and apparatus for the *Luftwaffe* and for radio-location posts.

But the craftsmen and women in the factory, while producing against their will for Germany, were making "under the counter" miniature radios which were being distributed to the Dutch resistance movement.

The town of Liége, in Belgium, with its armament workshops, and heavy industries, was utilised by Germany to the utmost during the occupation. But the workshops also made secretly through the years a large quantity of small arms for the resistance movements of Belgium, Holland and France.

Gestapo Came Too

There was an underground "railway" for the distribution of these weapons, and one of the organisers of the traffic to Holland was a youth of eighteen, an engineer's apprentice.

One of the agents, through whom the youth operated, was a pretty, blonde Dutch woman, the wife of a Dutch army officer, who was imprisoned.

The woman arranged a meeting with the youth, at which a number of automatic pistols were to be handed over. The woman came to the meeting place, and so—by a strange coincidence—did a member of the *Gestapo*. The loyal young Belgian was shot down and killed on the spot.

There is a sequel to this incident. The Dutch woman to-day lies in a prison in a freed town in Holland, awaiting trial as a suspected collaborator with the Germans. It is alleged that she, wife of a Dutch soldier, sent fourteen men to their deaths.

Next week Lord Horder will preside over a Marriage Guidance Council meeting to discuss "Marriage in the Modern World." Here a well-known magistrate deals forcefully with the subject.

MENDING Broken Marriages

by Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL, K.C.

WHY IS IT THAT so many marriages end up on the rocks?

The war has gravely accentuated the problem—but it certainly has not created it.

For many years now, the Domestic Courts of Summary Jurisdiction have provided a "first-aid" system which has been successful in salvaging innumerable unhappy homes.

Yet it has come about in a haphazard fashion, more by accident than by design.

There are only two Courts of law in England and Wales that deal with matrimonial problems. One is the Divorce Court, which is too expensive and still tied up in an unnecessary amount of red tape. The other is the Magistrates' Court to which, from time to time, Parliament has given certain limited powers without ever taking much trouble to consider the position as a whole.

Magistrates' Powers

These powers, however, are now fairly wide, so wide indeed that, for all practical purposes, they only stop short of actual divorce.

A wife can obtain from the magistrates an Order against her husband for adultery, persistent cruelty, desertion, neglect to provide reasonable maintenance for herself and children, assault, habitual drunkenness, and on several other grounds as well.

A husband may also obtain relief where his wife is a habitual drunkard or drug addict, or has been guilty of adultery or persistent cruelty to his children.

Yet very many marriages fail, not for any of these grave causes, but for comparatively trivial reasons. It is then that the conciliation procedure, or "matrimonial first-aid," often yields valuable results.

Of course, conciliation cannot succeed in every case.

Sometimes Better Apart

It is no part of a magistrate's duty to try to force couples to live together when they would obviously be better apart.

"I think the best thing you can do is to return to your wife," said a magistrate to one such husband.

"Yes, sir—and what is the next best thing?" was the husband's grim reply.

There are, however, many young couples who have married in haste and repented in haste as well. Then the chances of a fresh start are much better.

Matrimonial cases are now heard *in camera*. The public is not admitted and the cases are not reported in the Press.

The parties are encouraged to speak freely and without embarrassment. By gentle probing and discreet inquiry the magistrate tries to ascertain the real cause of the trouble.

Even before that, the court missionary has probably had a heart-to-heart talk with the parties. It may well happen that he has given them such friendly and helpful advice that the summons is withdrawn.

The reasons are, of course, manifold why so many of these unhappy couples are heading for disaster. They vary so much that one cannot dogmatise about them. Yet there are a few pitfalls so common as to require special mention.

The most important are drink, gambling, mothers-in-law, ignorance of domestic science, jealousy, too many children, and the general economic strain due to one or other of these causes.

Drinking and Gambling

As to drink and gambling, I need say little. It is obvious that a marriage cannot last if either the husband or wife is drinking to excess. Similarly if an undue proportion of the family income is being frittered away on dogs or horses, trouble is almost bound to result.

In these cases, the only thing to be done is to cut out, if possible, the roots of the mischief.

There are other problems which are far more difficult to deal with because they are far more complex. For instance, it is surprising how frequently interference by mothers-in-law is alleged to be the cause of dissension between young couples. Often the charge is without any real justification.

There are innumerable cases where the mother-in-law has been the mainstay of the domestic life of a young married couple. She has been there ready to be called upon in case of illness or to help with the children, as well as for shrewd advice.

All the same, it is generally a mistake for the newlyweds to set up house too close to their parents, or, during the early years, to see too much of them. Sooner or later ideas are fairly sure to clash.

Particularly is this a problem when the young couples—owing to housing difficulties or economic reasons—start their married life under the same roof as their parents. When this happens, trouble almost always ensues.

The first step towards a reconciliation is to try to help them at all costs to establish a separate home, no matter how humble it may be.

Another fruitful cause of trouble is the deplorable ignorance of so many young wives about how to make a home comfortable. It is lamentable that so little attention is paid in our elementary and secondary schools to the teaching of domestic science, the elementary principles of hygiene, nursing and, above all, cooking.

Many a marriage has been wrecked by a tin-opener or unappetising cold food when decent, well-cooked meals would have held it together. Dirt and discomfort will quickly break up any home, and for this it is not poverty but want of method and thriftlessness which are most often to blame.

Too Many Children

It is unfortunately true that many working-class couples are far more prolific in the production of children than their economic circumstances can possibly justify. It may be argued that children are an asset to the State and that an increased birth-rate is a national necessity. If so, then the State will have to demand far more say in their upbringing, not merely from the moment they are born but even during the pre-natal period.

As matters stand, one thing is certain—that constant child-bearing has ruined the health and temper of many a working-class woman and that unduly large families often create altogether unbearable conditions in the home. As a result, the marriage itself goes to pieces and the Courts are presented with the results.

Jealousy is another human failing that frequently leads to disaster. Indeed, it has probably been responsible for greater human tragedies, and more mental distress and unhappiness than any other cause.

Jealousy is by no means confined to any one class. I can say, however, that, from my experience of dealing with many hundreds of working-class matrimonial cases, the "other woman" (or man) does not appear nearly so often as among the more privileged grades of society. When he or she does come on the scene, it is usually after there has been a definite break for some other reason. It is not in itself the cause of the parting.

Marriage "Cures"

Exact figures on the proportion of "cures" are difficult to obtain. They differ so according to time and place.

At a conservative estimate, however, I should say that at least 50 per cent. of the couples who come to the courts full of bitterness and indignation, go away permanently reconciled as a result of the conciliation procedure.

If something of the same kind existed in the Divorce Court, it might be equally beneficial.

I am equally sure that if the Magistrates' Courts were empowered to grant a decree of divorce, as the late Lord Hewart and other eminent authorities have suggested, it would be of untold benefit in enabling many couples to make a fresh start, instead of condemning them to "live in sin," according to the cant phrase, or to endure a life of wretchedness.

THE TOLL OF MARRIAGE

● **The Easter law term opened with 3,323 suits for divorce. It will be impossible to clear them before the term closes at Whitsun.**

Last year created a bad new record; 12,250 divorces were granted. In 1941 the figure was 8,389. At the beginning of the century it was only some 750 a year.

But—and it is a big "but"—we must remember that nearly half a million marriages take place each year.

No up-to-date figures are available regarding the separation and maintenance orders granted in police courts.

Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C., who discusses the subject on this page, has been magistrate at the West London Police Court since 1934.

Formerly M.P. for Lowestoft, he has sat on several Government Commissions, dealing with such varied matters as the Betting Tax, Capital Punishment, and Shop Assistants. He has also been a dramatic critic and an amateur actor.

JOHN BULL Short Story

Sick with fear, Doctor Steel fumbled for his thermometer and wondered stupidly how he was going to find out just what Ryan knew

The black-market men may appear ruthless, confident and beyond the grip of the law, but sometimes retribution is waiting for them in strange circumstances

by MICHAEL CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED BY LAZZOLO

"YOUR PLAY, DOCTOR."

Plump little Doctor Steel fussed around the snooker table examining the lie of the balls from every possible angle, picking up an imaginary piece of fluff.

He bent, steadied his cue, took his sight and flicked—he'd missed. The ball wandered uselessly up the table and dropped into a pocket.

"That isn't like you, Doctor." The three men grouped around him shook their heads. Doctor Steel was usually a good, steady player but recently he was playing like a beginner, his eye off the ball and his hand jumpy.

"You look all in, man," one of them said. "You ought to take a rest."

"I'm all right." There was irritation in the doctor's voice, but he belied it with an apologetic smile. "I'm afraid I'm ruining the game again. I'm sorry."

"Never mind. None of us is in form. Let's give it a miss to-night and have a drink in the bar."

In the smoky, crowded bar they found themselves a corner by the fire. Voices hailed the three men with the doctor and, as an afterthought, hailed him. Most of the men there were farmers and prosperous. Men who could trace with pride their right to their land five and six generations ago. Men who respected money and family and took unkindly to the intrusion of strangers into their district.

The little doctor had had a tough time when he'd first come to practise among them five years before. But gradually his good will, his good temper and good doctoring had inclined them to view him more favourably—though still with an air of patronage and condescension.

They would have laughed unbelievingly had they been told that Doctor Steel hated their big, heavy bodies, their hams of hands and their uneducated, bovine brains. Every time they called in the doctor they felt he owed them gratitude, and every time he attended them he resented that this was what his years of poverty-stricken study had brought him to.

When he had taken a country practice he hadn't pictured himself driving round from one muddy farm to another—or spending weary evenings in an overcrowded surgery healing their labourers. He had picked their district because of the great titled county families who lorded it over them all.

He had seen himself attending the Harcourts at the Manor, and from them going on to attend their friends . . . being given the entrée to society—society that would make him, that would appreciate him. . . .

But the big families had preferred to be unaware of Doctor Steel's existence.

Now, as he stood among the farmers in his neat tailored suit and saw them remembering him as an afterthought, he hated them, and he hated the Harcourts and promised himself once again that one day . . . one day. . . .

"Burton, I hear they're moving Matthew Ryan from the local gaol to Heading," Jim Dawson, one of the men with the doctor, called across to a stout man by the bar.

"THAT'S right." The stout man joined them pompously. "I'm taking him over some time tomorrow."

"How is he?" asked the doctor.

"Evil tempered. Says he doesn't feel well—but won't see Farrer, who's the prison doctor, as you know." He gave them his news self-importantly. "'I'm master here,' I said to Ryan, but I'm no nursemaid, so if you won't see the doctor, keep quiet,' I said to him."

"Fierce, aren't you?" Arthur Dean looked down at him with pretended awe from his great height.

"Tell me, do you think he's really ill?" put in the doctor hastily. "Ryan, I mean." He looked a little embarrassed and went on confusedly. "Well . . . I don't like to think of any man feeling sick and not . . ."

"Don't you worry about him," the stout man said kindly. "You have enough to do looking after honest people—without bothering over riff-raff like Ryan. He'll soon be where they'll look after him for keeps. And he'll take some of his own breed along with him if I'm any judge of character.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it stands to reason he isn't the only one running the black market round here. Things have been going along too nicely and smoothly for that crowd for Ryan to be the brains behind it."

The policeman spat in disgust. "He hasn't got the brains of a louse—he's just a cover—if you know what I mean?"

"Who then?"

The doctor's face was flushed and his eyes bright with excitement.

"That's just what we don't know yet."

"Yet?"

"They'll get it out of Ryan at Heading."

"But if there is somebody else—why should Ryan protect him?" Dick Jones protested.

"That's right," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "No man in Ryan's position would keep quiet. Why should he?"

"Why, of course he won't," laughed the stout man. "He's a rat in a trap."

"I'm sorry for him."

"You're sorry for everybody, doctor," Jim Dawson said half contemptuously.

"Still if he's ill—if there's anything I can do. I know old Doctor Farrer isn't feeling too well. If you need me I'll be only too glad. . . ."

"Sounds as if you'd like to get a look at Ryan." The policeman looked at him curiously. He knew lots of people got a thrill out of looking at a prisoner, as witness the crowds that jammed the courts, but he despised that mentality himself. He'd never have thought Doctor Steel was like that. Still, you never know with a Londoner.

"Rather exciting about someone being behind Ryan," said Dick Jones. "Like the pictures. Might be anyone of us. You Arthur, or the doctor here."

"Or you," said the doctor.

They laughed, and thought it even funnier as Dick Jones flushed and protested and grew angry.

BUT Doctor Steel, driving home from a case in the early hours of the next morning, didn't think it was so funny. Any one of his farmer patients seeing his face now would have thought he was seeing things. Gone was the good-humoured, kindly little doctor. In the dim light of the car his eyes were cold, his lips thin and dry, his jaw tense, bony-looking.

If it hadn't been for Harcourt he'd never have been in this mess. . . . Harcourt and all of them. . . .

The contempt of Harcourt and the condescension of the others had driven Doctor Steel down a danger-fraught road. He had to be able to shake off one section of them to show them his contempt, and he had to be able to prove to the others—the Harcourt lot—that he was as good as them—and better.

Money, power, was all that they prized. Doctor Steel had, months ago, determined to get both. At first, when the black market people had cautiously approached him, he had been scared and righteously indignant. But when he had seen how clever you needed to be, how quick-brained and subtle, and how much money you could make, Doctor Steel had been tempted and had fallen.

He was worth quite a big sum of money at the moment—private, secret money, banked in another town under another name.

No one knew about Doctor Steel. No one—unless by some awful chance Ryan, a mere go-between, had stumbled on his secret.

OF course, he should have got out of the whole business weeks ago. He could afford to stop. He had enough to buy up Harcourt if he wanted to. Or here was the rub, if he dared to come out into the open as a man of money.

Somehow he'd got to see Ryan. He'd got to find out how much he knew.

His only chance was if Ryan was really ill and had to see a doctor—a doctor, but not Doctor Farrer. He wondered how the old man was now, whether he'd taken the sleeping tablet he'd advised last night. It was a remote chance he was banking on, but it was his only one. Ryan *must* be ill, and he must see him!

He pulled up at Farrer's house and, even as the wheels of his car scrunched on the gravel, a distraught housekeeper appeared on the doorstep.

"Oh, I'm that glad you called. Doctor Farrer. . . ."

"He's all right?"

"Yes. But he's sound asleep. The prison have been ringing up. But it's the first decent sleep the old man's had in weeks."

"That's all right. Don't wake him. I'll go." He could hardly control the excitement in his voice.

At the prison the young constable in charge seemed uncertain about letting

him in to see Ryan, but finally Steel convinced him.

Matthew Ryan's dark eyes glowered at them over the blankets as they entered the cell.

"Good of you to come." His sulky sarcasm seemed to Doctor Steel to hold a threat.

"What seems to be the matter?" He took Ryan's wrist between finger and thumb and bent over him professionally.

"Don't you know?" Sick with fear, Doctor Steel fumbled for his thermometer and wondered stupidly how he was going to find out just what Ryan knew, and what he intended to do with his knowledge.

"I'm feeling terrible," Ryan said. "If you hadn't come, Doctor, I don't know what might have happened."

Through a mist of fear Doctor Steel saw the dark face looking up at him smug with self-pity.

"Dramatic, ain't he?" The young constable laughed. "Thinks he's dying. No such luck, Ryan. You've got a bit of a cold but that's all. You've a sentence due all right and you'll be well enough to take it. Unless of course you decide to be a good boy and tell us who put you up to all this naughtiness."

"Think I'm a squealer?" Ryan snarled. "Do you think I look like a man who'd give his pals away, doctor?"

"I don't know what you mean." Steel's voice felt thick and stiff in his throat. Wildly he thought to himself: I'll never be able to stand it. I'll have to get out of it somehow. I'll kill myself. . . ."

"I'm no fool." Ryan's voice went on smoothly. "What would I get if I told you everything I know? You'd let me go, I suppose? Give me a Rolls-Royce to drive away in? Find me a nice cushy job? Like hell you would. No, I'll take my punishment."

"You'll take your punishment——" the little doctor repeated softly.

"YES, Doc." Ryan looked them both over contemptuously. "My pals will look after me when I get out. They'll remember a chap who can keep his mouth closed. Might give me a nice round sum—or a good pension—you never know. Besides, here's where the laugh comes in. I don't mind telling you two. I'll let you into a little secret. It's God's truth: I'm not even sure whom I'm hiding. In fact, I might say I don't know. Often wondered who he was. . . . Wondered, but never quite knew for certain. . . ."

"Never knew . . ."

As Doctor Steel's trembling hands started his car outside the prison he could feel the sweat running down the small of his back, sticking his shirt to his body.

That had been near. For an awful moment he sat dead still—cold and fearful again. Was Ryan fooling? No. As Burton had said, he hadn't got the brains of a louse. If he knew anything he'd use it. He didn't know. He was going ahead and accepting his sentence because in the end there was nothing else he could do. Suddenly, in his bones, Doctor Steel felt that he was safe—dead safe.

But it had been near, too near.

He'd get out. Immediately. Go away. Perhaps take another name. Or was he being a fool? A scared fool? He was a pretty wealthy man now, but in another six months, in a year—just another year. . .

IN his cell Ryan smiled thoughtfully as he bit his dirty nails. Bit of luck Steel turning up like that. Come up like a rubber ball, the little doctor had, and must think he, Ryan, was just a fool.

He supposed he'd get six months—a year at the most. Well, that wasn't a life-time. After that he'd look up the little doctor. He must be worth a bit by now. Quite a bit. . . .

Matthew Ryan turned over and, smiling contentedly, went to sleep.

Tall flowers at the back of the beds make a grand screen for a late summer border

BRIGHTEN YOUR VICTORY GARDENS

Victory means one thing for hundreds of thousands of gardeners. It means flowers. How to get a good show of them this year despite a late start is explained here.

by CONNERY CHAPPELL

FOR YEARS NOW we have been model citizens—we have dug and dug and dug. We have strained our backs and endured the agonies of lumbago, turning waste ground into cabbage patches. We have grown so many things like turnips that most of us are sick of the sight of them.

And all the while, obeying our betters, we have forsworn flowers. Food and victory first; beauty later. True, we have kept a few of the old faithfuls going in an odd corner, but the real business of the garden has been food production.

Well, it will still be food production. That goes without saying. Every cauliflower you can grow on your own allotment frees a yard of earth to give a meal to a man in liberated Europe who may need it badly.

No Wonderland Blooms

But, being human, we can't be blamed if we take our eye off the ball, as the golfers say, and give just a little of our attention to producing some flowers.

After all, we have been virtually without them for a mighty long time.

Now, flower growing is the choicest and most fascinating branch of gardening. It provides the deepest satisfaction. If you want to feel like a king, stand at the back door and smell the hyacinths in Springtime after the rain has been on them. All gardeners will agree there is nothing to beat it. Or watch a man puff his chest like a proud father as he shows a 12 ft. hollyhock.

I defy anyone to feel parental about a row of cabbages. No, for the finer points it is flowers, flowers, all the time.

These notes, then, are intended for the V-Day gardeners—for that war time army of heroic diggers who have learned their gardening on the vegetable patch.

Let us start off by agreeing what you cannot do. That makes it easier.

It is now nearly the end of April. So don't start dreaming dreams of bowers of weeping roses, cascades of sweet peas and rich beds of trumpet lilies. This is all very well on the movies. But you can't produce them in a couple of months in real life.

No, for the ambitious stuff it will be time enough for you to worry in the autumn. If you plan your 1946 flower garden in late August, 1945, you can guarantee to get results The job now is to get a good show of blooms as quickly and cheaply as possible.

For that reason you are wasting your time thinking about gladioli, even if you are a millionaire. It is true that you can still buy them, if you can afford it, but they aren't likely to come up in time to give you a really first-class show this year.

Colour for a Few Shillings

The same applies to any perennials you may buy and heel in now. By all means get a collection of lupins and delphiniums and all the others—but regard them as an investment for the future, not as plants to yield their best immediately.

No, in planning your victory splash of colour I should rule out all biennial and perennial flowers—that is, flowers which take two years to complete their life cycle, and plants which go on from year to year, like lupins.

And I should also exclude all luxuries like roses, obviously. You can't think of them now in terms of 1945. Wait until you are planning next year's garden this August.

Instead, you will have to do what I did a few weeks ago and concentrate on simple annuals. Their seeds are cheap, and there are thousands of them. For a few shillings you can get a rich spread of colour—a first-class show.

Their names would cover a page of JOHN BULL. From the lists I would suggest you try China Asters, Ten-week Stocks, Phlox, Larkspur, Godetia, Mignonette, Nasturtium—a much underrated little fellow, and some Double Poppies. Make sure you are buying *annuals* on the seed packet; not biennials or perennials. Some of these flowers can be all three, like stocks, and you want the yearly sort.

Avoid Formality

There is no time to waste now—so sow the seed where the plants will eventually grow, and thin them out later. Put the tall ones at the back of the beds—simple advice, but we all forget it at times.

If you can afford it, get some pansies. They are cheerful flowers, and they will serve you for months if you pick the blooms quickly enough. With luck, they will come up smiling next year. You could try growing from seed, but time is getting on. Plants are better now.

Remember, all flowers are better sown in patches and thinned out. Regular rows, with geraniums standing at attention like a lot of Guardsmen, are all very well in public parks In private gardens they aren't restful.

You haven't much time, in view of the early Spring we had, so there are some annuals which you can skip, despite the textbooks.

Don't try for good sweet peas now. Wait until August and grow them as biennials, to flower next year. You can still get a show, it is true, but you can't get those wonderful sprays which make your neighbours envious.

Make Love to Your Neighbour

Besides, there is another thing against sweet peas. Last year I grew a screen of beauties. But it was a life-work. I trenched 2 ft. deep, I shovelled in an enormous amount of manure and compost; I treated them as if they were runner beans. They were duly grateful—and produced lovely sprays.

It was hard work. No, leave them alone until the early autumn—and then sow them to bloom next year.

Equally, you will probably come unstuck sowing things like carnations for blooming this year. Far better buy the plants—if you can afford it, or if you know where to scrounge them. Try dianthus from seed instead; they are lovely.

Then, in addition to these annuals and semi-annuals, you can settle down now and start raising the flowers you will want for this autumn.

Dahlias, which you put in at the end of next month, require rich manuring now. They will cost money, for you haven't time to raise them from seed, but they are noble flowers and will give you a glorious show when the early nip is in the September air.

So will chrysanthemums. You could spend a small fortune on them and lose the lot by growing the wrong ones. But cadge plump offshoots from your friends' gardens and they will cost you nothing. If they grow out of doors in their gardens they will grow in yours.

Right, that is the programme. An assortment of annuals and semi-annuals to be planted now, and dahlias and chrysanthemums if we can beg, borrow or buy them, to be put in for the autumn.

Next Year's Offensive

In August we can enjoy the business of sitting down with pen and paper and drawing up our flower gardening offensive for 1946. We can get the Spring bulbs in early—the earlier the better in my experience.

Before then we can plant a lot of biennial seeds, such as Canterbury Bells and wallflowers, and plant them out this autumn to flower next year.

And, just for a change, let us try one novelty. Mine this year is Helleborus, the Christmas rose, a lovely white bloom in the grey twilight of December.

It's a tricky plant and it isn't easy. But already my seedlings are going well. You are too late for seedlings, but try to buy some Helleborus plants from your local nursery. They are rare and they may fail, but you will get a lot of fun just trying.

Remember, flower gardening has one big pull over the vegetable patch. *It is not such hard work.* Like most gardeners I am a lazy man.

It is true that you need to trench until your back breaks if you want exhibition sweet peas. But for ordinary blooms of most flowers something much more modest will do. Clear the soil, weed it, turn it one spit deep, work in some manure or some compost as you go along. Leave it rough, lime it—and that is that.

Make do for now with the annuals. Then, in August, plan a real flower offensive for next year.

Until then keep the hoe going—on the vegetable patch. That is still the most important part of the garden.

Free Speech

EVIL OF LEASEHOLD LAWS—A REMEDY

Entertaining soldiers from hospital. What the Liberal Party stands for. Watch for the Burma bush hats. "Safety last" in Italy. Pre-election pause for thought. New route for Victory Procession. Idea for a club

I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU on your articles on the plight of the Stonehouse and Pembroke families.

(In these, our Special Commissioner pointed out how, once short leases expire, ground landlords can *legally* seize both land—and the property built upon it—if the terms they demand from leaseholders are not met.)

When the Landlord and Tenant Act was being passed in 1927 an attempt was made to include a clause giving the leaseholder the first option of his freehold upon reasonable terms, to be decided in fault of agreement by arbitration. This was not successful. But even this would have been of little service in the present cases, as the owner of these freeholds has offered them to his leaseholders.

The only real remedy is for the State to become the owner of the soil. Then, by a system of national ownership, the land would be administered in the interests of the whole community.

Unless there is collective control over the land a landlord can shift every burden of taxation on to those holding under him. The freeholder has to pay Death Duties on the estate bequeathed to him. When possible, he immediately passes this tax on to his lessees by increasing their ground rent.

Parliament should not only control house rents but ground rents also. Unless this is done every advance in social legislation, such as increased old age pensions, family allowances, better workmen's compensation, is liable to be captured by landlords while the demand for houses is greater than the supply.—DAN RIDER, Hon. Secretary, War Rents League, 1, Roman Road, Bedford Park, W.4.

Killing Hospital "Blues"

I'VE JUST COME BACK wounded from Italy and I would like to squash the idea out there that British girls do not care for the British Tommy any more. Since I got home I've been in three hospitals and the girls in the district have done everything in their power to help those in hospital blue.

In Coventry, for instance, the girls give regular parties and pay for all the entertainment and expenses. There's nothing they won't do—except listen to our thanks.—HAPPY INFANTRYMAN, Northants (name and hospital address supplied).

Living Longer

AS A VERY ordinary woman who is only ordinarily careful about eating and drinking, I often wonder whether the large body of faddists live any longer than average.

Fresh air is good, but do sailors live longer than East End tailors? Walking is a fine exercise, but do postmen live longer than solicitors' clerks? I think we shall find that, if we follow all the recipes for long life, we shall not benefit much in the end.—Miss OLIVE, 56, Queen's Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.10.

Liberal Spokesman

YOU HAVE BEEN a little hard on the Liberal Party lately. When Hannen Swaffer implies that Lady Violet Bonham Carter leads a phantom Party (JOHN BULL, March 24) it simply isn't true.

There are more Liberals than you imagine, but a good many of them have been denied the chance to vote for their own candidate at the last two general elections. This will be remedied at the next.

Like Arthur Greenwood, Swaffer believes there are only two "umbrellas"—but Liberals persist in refusing to leave the political struggle to the "haves" and the "have-nots." Our Party exists to serve the people as a whole, not just a section.—S. R. JENKINSON, Chairman, Walthamstow Liberal Association, 3, Hilltop, The Drive, Walthamstow, E.17.

Recognition Signals

DON'T PEOPLE IN Britain know what their menfolk are wearing out here in Burma? A lot of our fellows who have been home on leave were surprised to find that they were mistaken for Australian soldiers. People must think that only the Australians wear wide-brimmed bush hats turned up at the left.

Then, again, they found that when filmgoers at home see newsreels showing vehicles in Burma bearing the white five-pointed star they think they are manned by American troops. Not on your life! The star is on all Allied vehicles, British, Indian, and others, for the purpose of aircraft recognition. When we hear about this lack of knowledge, no wonder the "Fourteenth" are apt to feel forgotten. — PTE. N. S., S.E.A.C. (Name and address supplied.)

Finding the Way

I SUGGEST THAT, as part of bringing towns up to date, all street names should be placed at eye level. And, even though there will be no black-out then, those signs in less well-lighted sections might be lettered in luminous paint.—B. S., Worthing, Sussex.

So That's Why!

THE RATION BOOK for my new baby arrived by post. My two boys, Malcolm and Michael, aged five and eight, were there when I took it out of the envelope.

Later I overheard Malcolm say to his brother, "I expect that's why mummy had another baby, to get an extra ration book." — MRS. A. CRUSE, 335, Alveston, near Sherborne, Dorset.

"Like it? It's a native American dish called Boogie-Woogie"

Do Forces Get Best News?

IN MY OPINION there is room for a great deal of improvement in the news bulletins on the Home Service. After the headlines and one of two sentences they become a dreary rigmarole.

So much so that we forget to listen until one of the family suddenly becomes conscious and switches off. The Forces news at 8 p.m. is much more interesting in manner and delivery.—J. SCARTH, Fortescue Lane, Rugeley, Staffs.

Filmgoing in Italy

UNTIL I WAS SENT abroad I didn't realise how much I had taken for granted the excellent safety regulations in British theatres and cinemas. It took Italy to make me appreciate them.

Here there is no limit to the number of people allowed to be crammed into a cinema and often the gangways are all packed tight. The doors of the projection boxes are left open and the operators smoke while working. Balconies have low rails and are dimly lit. Dangerous fire-eating and juggling with lighted torches are some of the acts that are allowed on the stage. To crown it all, the audience flicks lighted cigarette ends at the cinema screen as a sign of disapproval!—SIGNALMAN A. T., C.M.F. (Name and address supplied.)

Farming Holidays

THERE IS AN URGENT CALL for volunteers to work on farms during the coming season, I already have some degree of skill in farm work, and I know of no holiday that gives greater pleasure. But, after a week or two on the farm, one's already made-to-do and mended clothing must be written off as a total loss for ordinary purposes. The issue of a few coupons for replacements, or of suitable clothing such as dungarees and stout boots, would encourage many to take farming holidays.—R. S., Winchester, Hants.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER, thousands of American troops will remain in this country for some months. Would it not be possible to augment our volunteer land workers with these splendidly fit men? I imagine that most of them would be only too pleased to be doing something useful.—E. W. LINLEY, 24, Garrick Avenue, Ross Road, Hereford.

Peacock *versus* Turkey

PASSING A FARMYARD in a Somerset lane, I saw a peacock and a turkey engaged in battle. The peacock flew on to a gate, screaming like a cat, and the turkey strutted round. Then the peacock, head well back, went in and delivered a frontal attack. Before the turkey could recover he swept round with his tail and knocked it off its feet.

After some close in-fighting with beak and claws, the peacock broke away and went back to his perch on the gate. The much heavier turkey stayed on the ground. I watched two more rounds before the turkey gave it up and made off. The peacock screamed in triumph from the gate. All he lost was a tail feather.—J. G., Weston-super-Mare.

Time to Think It Over

SO THAT PEOPLE may vote calmly and deliberately at the next election and not be led away by last-minute excitement, I suggest that all canvassing and meetings should be prohibited for, say, four days before the polling date. — P. O'CONNOR, 19, Milton Street, Worthing, Sussex.

Victory Procession

SO THE RACKET in the sale of seats to see the Victory Procession has started already and exorbitant prices are being planned.

The procession should be transferred to the East End of London. Let it start from the docks and pass through Canning Town, Poplar, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, and similar boroughs. The letting of the seats should be handed over to the local councils and the profits put towards defraying the rates of these hard-hit boroughs.

Probably many of those who paid for seats to see this procession would also be seeing some real blitz damage for the first time.—G. W. HICKLING, 18, Percy Street, Iffley Road, Oxford.

Giving and Taking Away

WHY ON EARTH is ice cream allowed to be made when we are all still short of milk and the cheese ration has had to be cut?—MRS. M. M. LEAKY, Hazel Bank, Malvern Wells, Worcs.

Off the Ration

RECENTLY MY RATION of manufactured strawberry jam contained in the first three spoonfuls—a dead wasp, two flies and an earwig. They had obviously been boiled in the jam and it doesn't look as if the fruit was very well washed.—Mrs. W. EDGAR, 2, Cedar Park Villas, Trinity Street, Dorchester, Dorset.

Who's Joining?

I BOUGHT A COMB at Easter and paid 3s. 3d. for it. Now my wife tells me that a friend bought one exactly the same for 6d. JOHN BULL should start a "Mugs' Club" for readers like me.—JOHN LAWS, 75, Radstock Road, Woolston, Southampton.

THIS PAGE *is reserved for your opinions. and one guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

An M.P. Prepares

"NOW, MISS SMITH, if you'll just get out your shorthand book, I want to prepare my speech for to-morrow night. Important meeting this. It looks as if the election will be on us before we know where we are. Anyway, I've taken the biggest hall in the district, and I expect plenty of new people will be there out of curiosity to see what I look like.

"Now, Miss Smith. Hrrm-hrrrrm. Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is a pleasure and, ah, I may say, a privilege, to put before you to-night my views on this brave new world which so many of us are planning for you after this terrible, no, this disastrous, no, this *catastrophic*, war.

"This is the tenth occasion—or is it only the eighth? Will you look it up, Miss Smith—on which I have had the pleasure of meeting you since you did me the honour to elect me as your Member of Parliament ten years ago. Since then you have not, ah, had a chance to get rid of me—note down *Pause for laugh*, Miss Smith.

"I INTEND TO SPEAK forthrightly to-night. Only recently a member of His Majesty's Government made a speech which has raised a hornet's nest. I shall, I hope, quell that hornet's nest with, hrrrm, with . . . ah! with the stirrup pump of common-sense.

"One of our problems is housing. In this town there are—find out how many, Miss Smith—families without homes of their own. But let me impress on you that this figure includes a very large number of evacuees from blitzed towns. And, when they have gone back, I can safely say that our housing problem here will practically be solved.

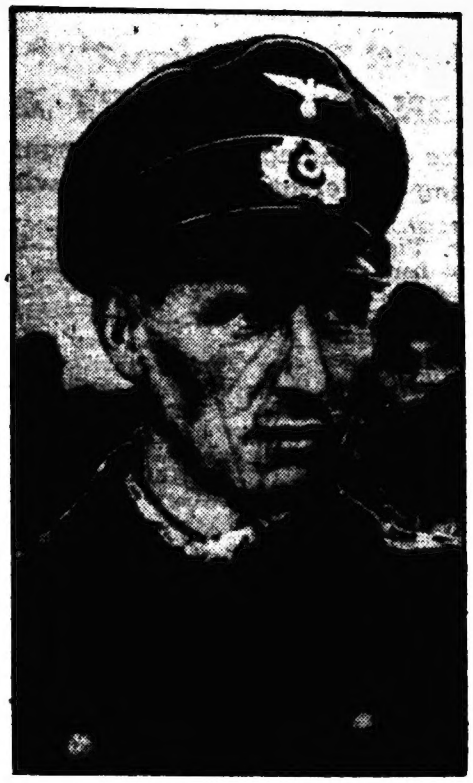
"As to other parts of the country, the Party which I represent guarantees to provide . . . hrrrm, perhaps you'd better not put 'guarantees,' Miss Smith. Instead, say . . . has plans in hand, and I can tell you that they *mean business*! Make a note to thump the table, Miss Smith.

"Some people, actuated mostly by fear of losing their jobs, want to continue controls after victory. I say that we cannot, ladies and gentlemen, let our gallant lads win this war for freedom only to fall under the dead weight of bureaucracy.

"ONE OF OUR grand national newspapers has said that even bicycles are 'to be loaded up with two brakes, a bell, a rear light, a reflector, and a white patch.' I say, abolish such petty tyranny! If a man likes to kill himself by riding without brakes, why shouldn't he? As long, of course, as he doesn't damage other people's property by running into it.

"And think of the housewife, controlled into endless queues instead of being free to obtain food for her family by her own initiative and cleverness. Abolish such niggling laws!

"Laws are unnecessary in a free country where each man can make his own laws. Where will be the need for police when there are no petty laws to be broken? Abolish them! And what of the law-makers? The men who are paid £600 a year to think out new restrictions on our liberty? Their day is done! Abolish them, I say, and . . . Hell! Miss Smith, quick! Cross out all that—I'm abolishing myself."



Wilhelm Zachmann, the 300,000th German prisoner to be taken by the U.S. First Army, said that no nation on earth could stand against the Allied power

"HERE, TOO, IN HAMBURG, all kinds of things are happening. . . . A few women were sitting in a trolley 'bus, one of them wearing a Women's League button. On leaving she said to her friends: '*Auf Wiedersehn*' (good-bye). A storm trooper riding in the 'bus remarked to her: 'You forgot something—you forgot to say Heil Hitler!'

"The woman retorted: 'You also forgot something—to take the place of my son who was killed on the Eastern Front.' He became as red as a lobster and got off at the next stop. . . ."

There you have a story told in a letter written to a German soldier on the Eastern Front.

This letter was written in 1943. Even one year before, it would have been impossible for the normal German housewife to answer back at a Storm Trooper with impunity. In 1943 she risked it.

What other risks were taken inside Germany in 1944? More important still, what preceded the present debacle?

You will find part of the answer to these questions in an unusual book called *True to Type* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). It consists of German letters and diaries which fell into the hands of the Red Army on the Eastern Front.

The book gives a mass of documentary evidence from the German soldier himself, not only of Nazi atrocities, but of the state of mind of the German soldier and civilian from 1940 onwards.

A GERMAN SOLDIER SPEAKS

Captured letters and diaries tell an inside story

Champagne and Hunger

Reading it is a peculiar experience. For years now we have been cut off from any direct contact with the ordinary German mind. Here it lays itself bare, gives away its cruelty, kindliness and, towards the end, its utter weariness of the "whole damned business."

"On getting back to the flat where I am billeted, I discover that my comrades have already 'procured' four bottles of champagne, and for the first time in our lives we sipped this nectar." That was taken from the diary of a German Ambulance man in 1941.

But by 1942, Artillery Sergeant Hans Frenzel was writing: "Fierce battles all day. Our losses are huge, unfortunately, particularly among those in command. Our men are in an extremely dejected mood. Many of them are unfit for action, both from wounds and from sickness, and there is no one to fill the gaps. I feel abominable."

The final disillusion comes out in the diary of Corporal Schaffstein, Field P.O., No. 27547: "To-day I found a piece of stale, mouldy bread. No dainty morsel I have ever eaten tasted better. We now eat only once a day—when they dish out the food. Then twenty-four hours of starvation."

Strawberries before Killings

Champagne parties first, followed by doubts, then the grey certainty that the world will not, after all, lie at Germany's feet. Finally, the most devastating thought of all—can Germany stand it much longer?

The title of this book is based upon a large number of letters and diaries where shootings, killings and beatings are recorded with cold-blooded detachment.

For instance, Corporal Martin Berged writes from Halle to his brother, Private Herbert Berged: "Were you ever present at a mass shooting? . . . But what else are you to do with these creatures?"

Here are extracts from a German soldier's diary:

"19.2.42. Twelve men and four women shot in the morning. They were the relations of a guerilla fighter. Cooked a stew."

"7.7.42. At 2 o'clock we arrived at the city of Motot. Strawberries galore. Fifty women and children were shot in the market place."

The terrible thing about these scrappy diaries is the casual lumping together of such things as cooking stews or eating strawberries, and the shooting of women and children.

This book represents first-hand evidence of the German mind. But although cruelty and sadism occur in unpleasant abundance, *that is not the whole story*.

There is also humanity. There is pain and bewilderment, disgust, and all those small longings which go to make up a man whatever his nationality.

Take this passage from the diary of Pastor Sebacher, Field P.O., No. 14213: "As a minister of religion I can do nothing. As a soldier I gad about just like my companions. . . . Everybody would be overjoyed to get back home, everybody would be glad to start an orderly life again."

They Lost Confidence

Or, again, Herr Vogt, writing to his son, Freidrich Vogt, in the army, and mentioning the number of men who go sick: "As a matter of fact, everybody ought to act that way. Let them send to the front only those who always wax enthusiastic. Then very few people would be left there and the end would come soon."

If you read it—and you should—there is one thing to remember. Do not turn to the excitement or the horrors and skip the rest of the book. Read the whole thing and suspend your judgment until you come to the last page.

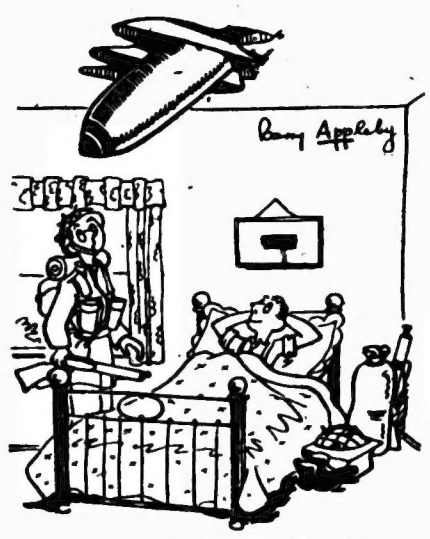
This last passage from a letter written by Marie Wildoemc, in Vienna, to Private Franz Krammer, goes right to the heart of German reactions just before we overwhelmed them:

"We are winning one defensive victory after another. Ha-ha! Our losses are insignificant. Tee-hee! One must be a fool to believe it. . . . The future is black. . . . Something terrible is going to happen to us yet."

Now it is happening.

VINCENT BROME.

The Story Behind a Joke



"As a matter of fact it's a dud—but it stops the officers pinching the billet"

TROOPER ROBERT K——— was the driver of one of the first tanks to land in Normandy on D-Day. The next few weeks were the hardest and most uncomfortable of his life. Following the "breakthrough" he was billeted in a cowshed; the near-by farm house was uninhabitable because of a large unexploded shell lodged in the rafters.

After several nights of the cowshed Trooper Bob and another tank man decided to remove the shell and sleep in one of the large and soft feather beds. Carefully they carried the shell downstairs and away from the house, and that night they slept blissfully between white sheets. But the next day they were ordered to return to the cowshed—and the major moved into the house with its feather beds.

While on leave recently Trooper Bob told this story to Barry Appleby, and the trained mind of the cartoonist adapted the incident to the joke we reproduce here on the left.

And that is how jokes are born.

Another Appleby cartoon appears on the right.

"Of course I wouldn't be doing this sort of thing if it wasn't for the war."

His Golden Wedding

AMONG the wedding presents arriving for twenty-four-year-old ex-soldier J. Creathorn (180, Embden Street, Manchester) came a telegram from *John Bull*. He had won *Bullets* 1,469 First Prize of £250 for his thoughtful effort: With One Aim—Mankind Could "Shoot" *Ahead!*

Mr. Creathorn, a french polisher, had never won a cash prize. And with your coupon below, whether or not you have won a prize before, you can capture this week's fine Cash-plus-Radio First.

CHEQUES & RADIOS

for "JOHN BULL" READERS

£100 PLUS £25 RADIO 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK

1,642 OTHER AWARDS

£20 plus RADIO, £10 plus RADIO
10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1
100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 New Prizes

HOW TO WIN

Use these "Examples"

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below. Thus you've made a "Bullet" that may make you the winner of this week's Cash-plus Radio First Prize.

THAT VICTORY FEELING
BRITAIN'S LARDER
PEACE BABY
FLAG OF THE NAZIS
SACRIFICED
JOURNEY'S END
MOMENT TO REMEMBER
NO WISER
HONOUR AND GLORY
ONLY A WOMAN
SHOOTING AHEAD
IN THE POLITICAL ARENA
SNATCHED AWAY
NEVER SATISFIED
SMALL BEER
FAIR CRITICISM
HE'S DEMOBBED, SO
JUST MARRIED
"GOT HIM!"
TAUGHT ME SOMETHING

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

SPIRIT OF .....
LOVE AND .....
LOOKS LIKE A .....
CHANGED HIS .....
TO ..... DISMAY
WHEN DAD GOT A.....

RESULT 1,471—FIRST PRIZE £250

D. WILSON, 4, STEAD STREET, HIGH HOWDON-ON-TYNE.

BRIGHTER DAYS
A "BRILLIANT MARCH" HERALDS

£20 : Lieut. A. A. Pickard, 30, Bells Orchard, Wareham, Dorset.
Think Of The Future And—Let Thrift Lift Threat!

£10 : J. G. Howard, 112, Garner Road, Walthamstow, E.17.
Hitler's Last Wish — Germany "Buried" With Him?

10 Prizes of £5 :

A. C. Bamford, 11, Alders Av., Chinley, Stockport.
Good To Recall—Pikes Made "Spearheads" Possible.

O. Bolingbroke, 40, Relugas Road, Edinburgh.
Gateway To Peace—"Back-doors" Mustn't Replace!

A. Boyes, 15, Suffolk Place, Ogmore Vale, Glam.
Good To See—The Mad Painter's "Sunset."

J. Butler, Springfield, Boundstone, Farnham, Surrey.
Like Greased Lightning—Railways, When Grabbing Air!

E. Connew, 26, Merewoo Avenue, Headington, Oxford.
Free Education—Minus Teachers, Minus Schools!

J. McEvoy, 29, Blackthorn Avenue, Wigan
On The Brink of Collapse—Commando, After Mother's Hug!

Mrs. G. M. Roberts, 22, Fairoak Avenue, Newport, Mon.
Nurse Britannia—"Peace Baby" Giving "Smack"?

A. H. Selley, 1, Howe Park Avenue, Mannamead, Plymouth.
Sandy Paid Up, But—Bit Lip—Barmaid, Coin!

F. Senior, 19, Withnell Road, Manchester.
Queer Customer—Eating Sausage, Reading Mystery!

Miss S. A. Tennant, 10, Kings Drive, Edgware, Middlesex.
Think Of The Homecoming And—Start Homes "Lining Streets"!

First Prize-winner receives £25 Bonus as offered. A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

MANY CHEQUES AND CAKES WON IN XWORD No. 423.

WINNING WORDS 1. Quiet. 2. Tram. 3. Numb. 4. Rim. 5. Left. 6. Gall. 7. Huts. 8. Flat. 9. Fry. 10. Panic. 11. Job. 12. Talk. 13. Base. 14. Boots. **875 SHARERS:** Names and addresses of 22 entrants sharing £75, each also receiving Cake, appear in this week's "Crossword Gazette." 104 share Runners-up Award value £25.

ANOTHER £100 OFFER ON THIS PAGE.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated May 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,475, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET _____

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

3 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....

No .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,475
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, APRIL 30.

For MAY 12 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

write to JOHN BULL about it

MEAN REVENGE BY AN EMPLOYER

Course of training in draughtsmanship. Embarrassed by making conversation. Marrying with parents disapproval.

"I AM A SLIGHTLY DISABLED ex-Serviceman from the last war. I have worked hard and conscientiously as a private gardener and was in my last place for nine years. Despite that length of service, my wages were never as much as a farm labourer's. When I asked for a rise sometime ago, I was offered an extra 3s. a week. I was disgusted by this treatment and left the job.

"Now, when I apply for a job, prospective employers want a reference. When they write to my former employer, he replies by telephone, and I suspect that he queers my pitch. I can only get handyman's jobs, and my long experience as a gardener is wasted."

It sounds as if your former employer systematically underpaid you for years, and now, annoyed because you left him, is trying to take a mean revenge. A few words by telephone can nullify praise in a written testimonial.

You would stand a better chance if you went after a job in person instead of applying in writing. An employer of experience would quickly sum you up and surely he would realise that you must have given satisfaction for your former employer to have kept you for nine years. Plenty of people nowadays would be only too glad to get a good gardener. I suggest that you have a talk to the manager of your local Employment Exchange.

"I AM THIRTY-THREE years old and have just been discharged from the Army on medical grounds. I am unable to follow my civilian occupation owing to disability, and wish to be trained as a draughtsman. I have had no secondary education, as I live in remote part of Wales where facilities are very limited. I am very keen to improve my position, and as I have always been fond of drawing, I thought draughtsmanship would be a good career to take up.

"The local Employment Exchange officials are unable to help me. I do not get a disability pension, and very soon I shall be forced to take any sort of job that is offered to me."

There is a course of training in engineering draughtsmanship available to discharged Servicemen. I advise you to write to the Regional Controller of the Ministry of Labour at Cardiff. He will supply you with particulars of training courses available throughout the whole of Wales.

"SURELY IT ISN'T NATURAL for a man to find it difficult to get on easily with people? My trouble is that I am not good at conversation. The people with whom I come into contact seem able to keep up friendly 'small talk,' whereas I am sunk in an embarrassed silence. When I speak it seems all wrong and so I retreat behind my wall of silence before I commit a *faux pas*. Is there any way to overcome my difficulty?"

The great author, G. K. Chesterton, once said that if a man is afraid of making a fool of himself it is because Nature has saved him the trouble! You are far too self-conscious. You imagine that everybody regards you critically,

and, because you are scared of being laughed at, you keep quiet.

Why go through life scared—scared of criticism, scared of making a *faux pas*, scared of being thought a fool? You are like a diver shivering at the brink, unable to take the plunge. Go right in, and don't worry about the impression you make. Don't be afraid of "small talk." In starting conversation it is as useful as small change on a 'bus journey. The war, the weather, films, work, all provide subjects for easy conversation. And remember that conversation is two-sided. If you show real interest in what the other person has to say, and slip in an encouraging word or idea, he or she will do most of the talking for you.

"SOME TIME AGO at my work I met a girl who had had a short, unhappy married life and was getting a divorce from her husband. She had two boys aged seven and five years. We began going about together, but my brother carried home some untrue accusations about the girl. I firmly believed in her innocence, but my mother heard nothing but ill of her, and a quarrel broke out. Eventually I left home.

"I want to marry the girl as soon as her divorce makes it possible, but I do not want to remain estranged from my parents. What would you advise me to do?".

In short, you are convinced of the girl's good character, but your parents are not. You must give them credit for thinking primarily of your happiness. Your mother realises that if you marry you will have a couple of step-children to rear, and it is clear she does not trust your judgment of the girl.

Are you prepared to be disowned by the family and to start married life under such a handicap? No one can prevent the marriage once the divorce is made absolute, but you ought to weigh up everything before deciding. If you really feel that you can't live without this girl, then go ahead. But so long as you feel any doubt, then don't.

"I WANT MY SON to be a teacher but he refuses. In spite of short working hours, long holidays, good salaries, and pensions, he tells me it is a dying profession. Surely this is not true."

Before the war began, the average wastage of teachers was about 12,000 yearly. The annual output of new teachers from the training colleges and universities was only between 6,000 and 7,000. About 70 per cent. of teachers were women.

So you can see that teachers will always be in demand. In fact, after the war more than ever will be required, and every effort is being made to better their conditions of employment.

Those are facts—but even so I do not think it advisable to try to force your son into the teaching profession. Presumably he does not feel drawn to it, and for anyone to become a good teacher it is essential that he should have a real feeling for imparting knowledge and a liking for the work.

XWORD PRIZES VALUE OVER £100

FIRST PRIZE £75—Other prizes value £25 and rich 4-lb. Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. The time may come when we won't want so many—HO□SES. 2. Woman finds something attractive in—□OGUE. 3. Harmony may be introduced by entry of—B□SS. 4. Real mountain climbers naturally set off with these—□OPES. 5. This for the skater depends on number who go on the ice—RI□K. 6. Irishmen usually make this of a squabble—□IGHT. 7. Some housewives like to think they save if they this a lot—BU□. 8. Apt to prove a check on the high-spirited—□RAVE. 9. Getting this when wanted is purely a matter of luck—SI□E. 10. There's a considerable variety of these—R□SES. 11. Step of soldiers on march shouldn't be too—□ERKY. 12. Even careful boxer may possibly do this when boxing—SL□P. 13. Window-box gardener watches anxiously for these—□UDS. 14. Defeat will find many Germans in such a mood—B□TTER.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated May 5 enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, April 30.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 427, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Result of Crossword 423 is given below "Bullets" Result in col. 2.

No New Cars Yet

S. B., Rochester, and others: The Ministry of War Transport has stated that rumours that new cars can be obtained by means of a permit are incorrect. No new cars are available for civilian users whether they are engaged on important work or not. When it is possible to issue licences to acquire new cars an official announcement will be made giving directions as to where to apply.

There are a few reconditioned ex-Service cars which are being released to approved purchasers at controlled prices, but the demand greatly exceeds the possible supply. They can, therefore, only be allocated to persons engaged on vital work whose present cars are beyond repair.

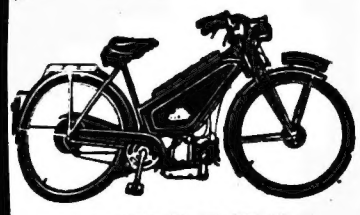
JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

If your daily journey is difficult you can obtain, under permit, a NORMAN 150 m.p.g. 30 m.p.h. Autocycle. Ask your local agent or write for full details to address below.



NORMAN

CYCLES - AUTOCYCLES - MOTORCYCLES
Norman Cycles Limited. Ashford. Kent

FOR DELICIOUS PASTRY use plain flour and BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER
The Best in the World

Make Wright's the 'rule' for the Toilet and Nursery. Kind to the tenderest skin.

WRIGHTS
COAL TAR SOAP
ONE TABLET ONE COUPON

NEVER IN ALL MY 45 YEARS

Sussex.
Jan. 13th, 1945.

Dear Sirs,

Thoroughly run-down after a most shocking cold, I have taken two bottles of your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets.

I am amazed beyond belief to tell you that never in all my 45 years have I obtained such marvellous benefit.

Needless to say I keep a bottle in my cupboard and take one or two tablets when I feel a bit off colour.

If only more people would realise the value of Yeast-Vite tablets, they would not endure that run-down feeling and take it for granted.

(Sgd.) Mrs. S.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatic pains, Nerve pains, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/4 or 3/3 size bottle of YEAST-VITE Tonic Tablets from your Chemist. Do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock; he is doing his best in these difficult times and his supplies are limited to 1/4 & 3/3 sizes (including purchase tax).
Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford.

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

Excuse me— INNER CLEANLINESS comes first

For deepdown Inner Cleanliness, take Andrews regularly — not necessarily every day but as often as the system needs its health-giving aid. See how Andrews purifies: *FIRST*, it refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue. *NEXT*, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion. *THEN*, it tones up the liver and checks biliousness, and *FINALLY*, to continue your Inner Cleanliness Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making impurities, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

Family size tin 2/-
Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(54-14*)

THIS IS WHY

BATGER'S Silmos Lollies ARE SCARCE

LIFEBOATS
TROOPSHIPS
HOSPITAL SHIPS
MERCHANT NAVY
NAAFI CANTEENS

Their needs MUST COME FIRST

Batger's Silmos Lollies are included in many Lifeboat EmergencyRations because of their sustaining and instant energy value.

FRUIT DROPS AT THEIR BEST

CHRISTOPHER STONE says

How right we were —to choose

BUSH RADIO

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK W.4 *rovds 452*

NO TIME LOST CLEANING WINDOWS

I POUR WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH...
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW— IT FORMS A WHITE FILM...
LET IT DRY A MOMENT— GIVE A QUICK POLISH —AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

Busy housewife war-workers, who have to plan every minute of their day, can't afford to lose time cleaning windows the old bucket-and-water way. No wonder there's such a demand for Windolene. Windolene does away with hard rubbing, cleans in a jiffy. It removes grease and fly marks, gives a rich, lasting gloss. Use it for mirror and picture glass, too. From all grocers and ironmongers, 1/2 per bottle.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

Your Dog's Health!

Don't neglect the health of your dog. A regular dose of George Bell's Blood Salts is the up-to-date way of keeping him fit. George Bell's Blood Salts provide the extra Vitamin B_1 which dogs need in wartime. They act as a blood tonic and prevent eczema, skin eruptions, scratching and itching, loss of appetite, sluggishness, constipation, etc. **In packets of 12 for 9d.**, from Chemists and Pet Shops everywhere.

Buy a packet to-day while it's on your mind.

★ **If unable to obtain, send P.O. for 2/6 direct to Bell & Sons, Ltd., Veterinary Chemists, Liverpool, 13, for LARGE post-free packet of FIFTY Powders.**

GEORGE BELL'S BLOOD SALTS for Dogs
★VITAMIN B_1 ADDED

The Reliable Tonic

"I am nineteen and anaemic. I have benefited greatly from 'Iron 'Jelloids.'" —Miss N.

Iron Jelloids

make you feel better every day in every way

If you feel you need a tonic, take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS,' the *reliable* Tonic for Men, Women and Children. Although wartime production is restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you.

One price only
1/4
including Purchase Tax

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered Trade Mark

PUT OUT YOUR EMPTY MILK BOTTLES EVERY DAY

THE RETURN of empty milk bottles is an urgent necessity. The increased consumption of milk has placed a heavy burden on the bottle manufacturers, and dairies will be able to maintain supplies only if empties come back as quickly as full ones go out.

Make it an unfailing habit to rinse milk bottles and to put them out for the milkman *immediately* they are empty. Your milkman has been asked to collect any milk bottles offered to him, even if they do not belong to his dairy. But don't forget that the milkman can carry back only a certain number of bottles each day and so be *especially careful to put out the empties on Saturday night, as the milkman may call on Sunday before you are up.* If you fetch your milk yourself, always take the empties back when you buy each fresh supply.

If you've any empty milk bottles lying about, you'll be doing a service for your dairy, your neighbours *and* yourself by rinsing them and putting them out, ready for your milkman's next call.

FOOD FACTS

Take back Orange Juice & Cod Liver Oil bottles too!

Please remember to return the empty bottles when you go for a fresh supply of orange juice and cod liver oil; which, of course, you should be doing regularly if you are the mother of a child under five.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 249

Midnight Heroine of a Day Dream

Dreams of romance that never came true! Then . . . heroine in a true love story! And it all happened when she found the secret of a lovely, flawless complexion. It was . . . Poudre Tokalon.

How marvellously natural Poudre Tokalon looks, as it clings skin-tight for long, glamorous hours. How smooth, flawless and free from patchiness Poudre Tokalon keeps the complexion. That's because Poudre Tokalon contains Mousse of Cream . . . the ingredient that keeps powder on hours longer and hides shiny nose. Choose *your* Poudre Tokalon shade from Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette and Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

Cleans—and Protects

KH 103-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

2 out of 3 saved

For every three children who died from diphtheria before the immunisation campaign started, only one is dying to-day. Six million have been immunised. Four million are still unprotected. They are running unnecessary risks and their parents are hindering the movement to save young lives.

Every baby should be immunised not later than its first birthday. But every child who is not yet immunised ought to be protected without more delay.

What do I do...?

I apply at once to my local Council Offices, Welfare Centre or School to have my children immunised against diphtheria free of charge. I remember that immunisation is safe and simple. It is a proved safeguard which has saved thousands of lives—and can save many more.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

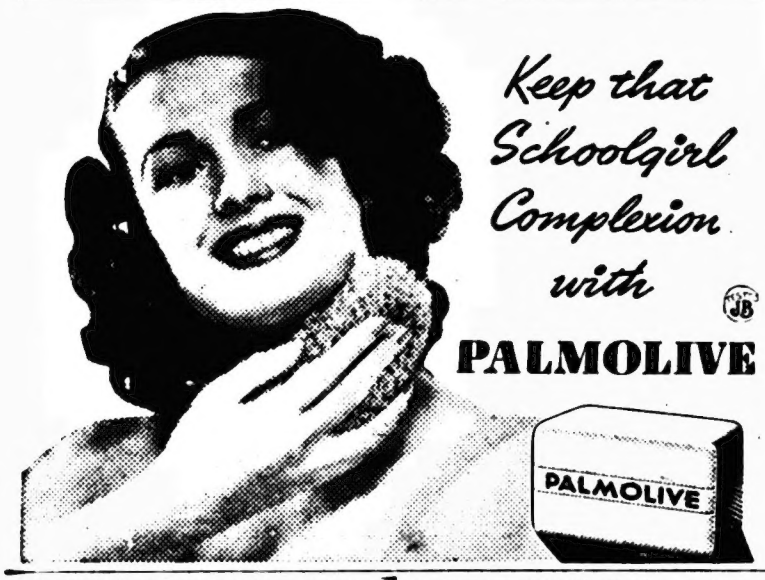
WHEN THERE'S PLENTY OF EVERYTHING AGAIN

Only the best will be good enough for her

SO KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND . . . **ONLY THE FINEST INGREDIENTS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR**

Mars

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. But Victory will mean plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion with

PALMOLIVE

Nerves and Digestion? ..more Vitamin B

Indigestion often comes from a nervous system starved of Vitamin B. There is only one way to remedy it. Increase the Vitamin B content of your food.

The simplest way, the way that many doctors recommend, is to take two tablets of Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. There are no drugs in Phillips Tonic Yeast. It is simply *pure LIVE Yeast* in palatable form. And live Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B Vitamins. You will be amazed at the result of this simple, natural way to restore your nervous system. You will sleep better, digest your food better, tire less quickly, feel better in every way. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. Phillips is the *real live* Vitamin Yeast.

A GENTLEMAN writes:

". . . am more than delighted with the results. I am sure it has made a new man of me!—no indigestion, tiredness, or irritability, and I feel a hundred times better, and am positive it is ***due entirely to your Yeast.*** *My father is a Doctor and he was astounded at the results."*

Phillips TONIC YEAST

50 Tablets, 1/3 . . . 150 3/-

Joan is so *full* of fun

Always getting up to something. So high spirited too. Taxes all your energy to keep pace with her.

But in your heart you know her health is all that matters. Like all wise mothers you agree that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system. It is the natural treatment for children — the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.

"California Syrup of Figs"

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